

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 181, Vol. 7.

April 16, 1859.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND ITS LEADERS.

THE present House of Commons represents, with an accuracy which may hereafter be regretted in vain, the opinions of that large and indefinite class which has hitherto formed the public opinion of England. There are consequently many sub-divisions and numerous shades of feeling, while the absence of broad lines of demarcation corresponds to the substantial unanimity of all enlightened politicians. Nine-tenths of the members, if they had expressed their inmost convictions two months ago, would have wished that the smallest measure of Reform which could in any way satisfy the alleged popular demand should be passed, by one party or the other, with the utmost possible despatch. The busy patriots of provincial towns, all blue or yellow to the backbone, scarcely comprehend the dispassionate interest in practical results which creeps over all but the most heated partisans when they find themselves near the centre of affairs. Personal preferences and sectional motives furnish a sufficient security against political stagnation, but for some years past there has been no serious antagonism of opinion with reference to the great principles and objects of Government. The history of the party conflicts which have taken place turns almost entirely on the jealousies of statesmen and on individual errors in administration. Lord PALMERSTON's instalment in undisputed power, and his subsequent loss of the confidence of Parliament, were explained by acts and omissions which were wholly unconnected with political professions of faith. Lord DERBY's Government afterwards maintained itself in the face of a nominally hostile majority, partly because its members were generally courteous and diligent, but chiefly because the House and the country were for the time tired of the former Administration. The faults of the outgoing party, and the merits or good luck of those who succeeded to office, might have been the same in their nature and results if the Liberals had been coming into power after a long Conservative reign.

No state of circumstances would at first sight have seemed more favourable than this to the influence of individual character; but unfortunately those who by ability and eloquence are designated as the leaders of Parliamentary parties have too often fallen short, in patriotism or in wisdom, of the bulk of their followers. Even before the commencement of the Reform discussions, confidence in public men had been generally shaken, and the transactions of the last six weeks have damaged every reputation in the House, except perhaps that which Mr. GLADSTONE had recently compromised by his eccentric proceedings at Corfu. Mr. DISRAELI has shown, not for the first time, that he is as deficient in practical tact as if he were the most rigid and conscientious purist; and the best criticism on his Bill consists in the general belief that many of its enactments were drawn out of the orderly pigeon-holes of Lord STANLEY's well-stored mind. Some respectable reputations may be proof against mistakes which may be excused as the necessary consequence of deep-rooted convictions, but Mr. DISRAELI has no excuse for gratuitous collisions with difficulties of his own creation. If ALCIBIADES is to be a helpless pedantic blunderer, it would be better to put up with the decorous mediocrity of NICIAS. For once, Mr. WALPOLE understood the opinions or language of his countrymen more accurately than the shifty colleague whose guidance he has consequently renounced.

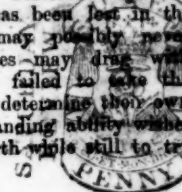
Sir JOHN PAXINGTON, after acquiring a certain amount of credit by his representation of his department in the House of Commons, has unluckily compromised himself by the strange revelations of his recent electioneering proceedings. Experience shows that there is always a risk of some extravagant deviation from propriety when commonplace men are placed by the accidents of fortune in positions unduly elevated. As Mr. DISRAELI often affects a ludicrous gravity and

pompous dullness, his heavy ally takes a leaf out of *Coningsby*, or practises the questionable precepts of *Vivian Grey*. The traditions of jobbing probably cling like a chronic infection to the very walls of the Admiralty, but it shows singular awkwardness in the occasional Tory occupants of the office to furnish successive opportunities for the display of Sir BENJAMIN HALL's patriotic vigilance.

Of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's factious restlessness enough has been said in public to represent, with suitable reserve, the stronger language which has universally prevailed in private conversation. The Liberal party, apparently unable to choose between two chiefs who are almost equally distrusted, still accepts as a necessity the alternative hypothesis of Lord JOHN RUSSELL or of Lord PALMERSTON as leader. The difficulty would have been long since set at rest if the former colleagues of Sir ROBERT PEEL could have commenced the formation of an independent party by the adoption of a resolute and intelligible policy. The best proof of their importance is furnished by the eagerness of contending politicians to secure their adherence, at the price of almost any share of official influence; but unfortunately, although personally disinterested and sincerely patriotic, the eminent politicians below the gangway have never contrived either to act together or to co-operate collectively or individually with any definite party. Mr. GLADSTONE has persuaded his friends to sit on the Ministerial side of the House, where Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT delivers a judicious Conservative speech in support of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's factious Resolution, and Sir JAMES GRAHAM produces the skeleton of a Radical Reform Bill. United on all occasions against Lord PALMERSTON, and, with one distinguished exception, equally hostile to Lord DERBY, the seceders from the Cabinet of 1855 still remain in a condition of impotent and purposeless isolation. Among all the leaders in the House, not one has had the courage and sagacity to understand the universal wish for the termination of the recent anarchy. The four or five neutral members who might have given any Cabinet firmness and permanence must bear no small share of responsibility for the rapid and mischievous changes which they have promoted or allowed.

Personal criticism is an unsatisfactory substitute for political disquisition, but the analysis of Parliamentary parties is for the present little more than a discussion on the conduct of their leaders. It is possible that, in accordance with the wish expressed by Mr. DISRAELI, the place of every politician will be more clearly defined after the general election; but no accurate observer will attribute the want of a strong Government to the absence of violent party conflicts. The most prosperous and successful Administrations have been those which had, by fortune or by superior ability, reduced opposition to silence. PITT, Lord LIVERPOOL after the admission of Mr. CANNING into office, and Sir ROBERT PEEL between 1841 and 1846, conducted the public business to universal satisfaction with the aid of Parliaments which may be described as practically unanimous. Powerful Ministers have no need to bid for support by mimicking the phrases and fancies of various sections of the community. It is the holders of office on sufferance, the representatives of expiring majorities or of ambitious minorities, who have offered mischievous reforms which were never asked for, and who have brought forward Bills repulsive to the prejudices which it was their exclusive object to conciliate. The opportunity which has been lost in the Parliament now about to expire, may possibly never recur. Pledged sections of delegates may drag with them irresistibly the statesmen who failed to take the initiative when there was still time to determine their own course; yet if any politician of commanding ability wishes to retrieve past errors, it may be worth while still to try

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the experiment of dispensing with cant, of speaking the truth which is secretly acknowledged by his hearers, and of pursuing a definite and consistent purpose. If Mr. ROEBUCK were somewhat wiser, or if men of greater influence had the courage which Mr. ROEBUCK occasionally displays and always affects, Mr. BRIGHT's formidable assaults on the Constitution of England might perhaps be repelled by a competent champion.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

WHATEVER promises or professions may be made by the parties to the Italian quarrel, there must be imminent risk of war until the proposed disarmament has actually taken place. The Ministerial statements of Monday will probably throw some light on the negotiations for the meeting of the Congress, but the English Government, even if it doubts the sincerity of diplomatic communications, is not at liberty to exhibit a public distrust which might probably tend to justify itself. There can be no doubt that all the Powers engaged in the dispute have motives of their own for appealing to the decision of the sword. Austria, during a time of nominal peace, is making exertions which are almost as costly as a campaign, and if the struggle is to come at last, there would be an obvious advantage in crossing the Ticino before the French army could move across the Alps. Count CAYOUR has never attempted to conceal the desire of Piedmont for a war which might possibly put an end to Austrian dominion in Italy; nor is it surprising that the opportunity of securing French assistance should be regarded as a sufficient reason for precipitating the struggle. The ultimate intentions of France, or rather of its ruler, are more mysterious. It is difficult to understand why all Europe should have been disturbed by the expectation of a war, if the concessions which may be expected from Austria are, after all, to be accepted as sufficient. The limits of any mediation which can be exercised by the Congress are narrowly defined by the nature of the case, as well as by the cautious stipulation of Austria. It is impossible to render a Government of the first order amenable to the collective jurisdiction which sometimes regulates the affairs of minor States. It was not impossible to detach Greece from Turkey, to restore absolute monarchy in Spain, or to legalize and regulate the separation of Belgium from the Netherlands; but Austria is not liable to the coercion which was irresistible when it was applied to Turkey, to Spain, and to Holland. The neutral Governments will only be able to use arguments and friendly remonstrances, for it is absurd to suppose that England or Prussia will, under any circumstances, join their arms to France; and if Russia eventually attacks Austria, the cause of the rupture will lie deeper than any difference of opinion which can arise in the Congress. In cases like the present, it is the business of the assembled Plenipotentiaries rather to record and confirm arrangements which have previously been settled, than to originate any new solution of international difficulties. The representatives of powerful and independent States cannot act by a majority, inasmuch as the consent of each is indispensable to the validity of any act by which his own Government will be practically affected.

Count BUOL may perhaps not yet have produced his *ultimatum*, but thus far he can scarcely be considered to have shown any proneness to extravagant concession. The offer to discuss the evacuation of the Roman States may be considered as a standing formula; and as the details of the question are reserved to the three Governments immediately concerned, there seems little use in bringing under the notice of the Congress a subject which is immediately afterwards to be withdrawn from its cognizance. The offer to produce the special treaties with the protected Italian States, if all the Powers represented at the Congress consent to do the same, points directly to the secret convention which must undoubtedly exist between the French and Sardinian Courts. There is no intimation of any disposition to withdraw from the Protectorate, or to relinquish the unjustifiable obligations which for many years have been imposed on Naples. On the whole, it cannot be said that the language of the Austrian Minister indicates either a desire of conciliation or a hope of peace. In the note addressed to Russia, Count BUOL declares that, "in the opinion of the Imperial Cabinet, the whole difficulty consists in the political system which Sardinia follows in her foreign relations." In the same spirit, his first observation on the English propositions assumes that Sardinia has committed a breach of public law, as the Congress is asked "to examine the means of bringing back

"Sardinia to the fulfilment of her international duties." It is certain that France will never acquiesce in a reproach which is virtually addressed to herself.

The rules of interpretation which apply to diplomatic documents preclude the formation of any hasty opinion as to the real meaning of the Austrian communications. A bold front is often used to cover a retreat; and an experienced statesman must be well aware that, if his Government is bent on war, no effort ought to be neglected for the purpose of throwing on the adversary the ostensible responsibility of the rupture. The preliminary condition that Piedmont alone should disarm was evidently not intended to bear serious examination. The formal engagement of Austria not to cross the frontier during the sitting of the Congress is no equivalent for a measure which, on the occurrence of a subsequent rupture, would place the weaker party at the mercy of an enemy fully equipped for war. On the other hand, the disarmament of Austria, while the French preparations are still continued, is obviously impracticable. The Piedmontese army is only formidable as the advanced guard of France; and the Powers which must be principals in the struggle that may ensue ought in all respects to be placed on an equal footing. The denial of the French journals that any armament has taken place is a mixture of a quibble and a direct falsehood. The recent crisis originated in the warlike preparations which have for many months been notorious to every traveller and resident in France. As far back as last summer, the Austrian Government had reason to believe that a war, which at that time had no definite pretext, would probably commence in the spring. The technical distinction between the armaments which amount to a cause of war and the increase of forces which necessarily causes uneasiness and alarm, will certainly not justify any demand that Austria should place herself, by disarming alone, at the mercy of France. The demand of the Cabinet of Vienna, that all the parties to the quarrel should disarm simultaneously, is just and equitable; and the announcement made by the *Times*' correspondent that Austria has positively refused to take part in the Congress unless this condition be complied with, may readily be accepted as perfectly reasonable.

If the English Government succeeds in obtaining from all parties this preliminary concession, a reasonable prospect of peace will be afforded by the meeting of the Congress. It is evident, however, that the demands of Piedmont can receive no satisfaction by diplomatic methods; nor is it probable that the concessions of Austria will seriously modify the actual condition of Italy. Weak despotisms will continue to rely on the support of a powerful neighbour, although the conventions which have hitherto regulated the details of Austrian intervention may be formally relinquished in deference to the wishes of Europe. The only practical question is whether the principals in the quarrel wish to settle it, or rather whether the Emperor of the French intends to be influenced by the opinion of his subjects or by the menacing attitude of Germany. The means of a compromise which is seriously desired on both sides can always be discovered; and although the sufferings of Italy may, to those who have to bear them, be almost intolerable, they have long been endured or witnessed by France with exemplary equanimity. The consideration that they are not likely to be relieved in consequence of a French war of aggression may, for the present purpose, be set aside as irrelevant. There can be no doubt that Italians in all parts of the Peninsula consider an attempt to expel Austria from Lombardy an object of paramount importance. On the other hand, the rest of Europe is equally unanimous in deprecating, as the greatest of evils, an unnecessary war. The practical decision of the question rests neither with patriotic enthusiasm nor with the deliberate opinion of civilized communities. The tame surrender of French liberty by universal suffrage and the ballot has placed the peace of the world at the discretion of one irresponsible and unscrupulous man.

ELECTION PROSPECTS.

MR. BRIGHT accepts Lord DERRY's defiance as readily as the savage Puritan in *Old Mortality* answered the challenge of the reckless cavalier. "A bed of heather or a 'thousand marks,' shouted BOTHWELL. 'The sword of the LORD and of GIDEON,' replied BALFOUR of Burley." A Carlton candidate is to be started in every county and borough. "A contest everywhere and no compromise," is

Mr. BRIGHT's word of command. When two hostile commanders are equally ready for a decisive conflict, the spectacle may be gallant and stirring, but it suggests the reflection that one leader or the other is presumably mistaken. If it suits the purpose of one party to offer battle, it is probably the interest of his opponent to decline it. In the present instance, Mr. BRIGHT has everything to gain by contest, while Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI ought to open all possible loopholes to moderation, neutrality, and compromise. A large majority pledged to follow Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and determined to push him forward—a nucleus of uncompromising democrats surrounded by a mass of noisy partisans—such is the necessary machinery of the preliminary reform which is to furnish leverage for a more sweeping revolution. It is absurd to suppose that, with the House of Commons divided into two compact bodies, the Ministers will find their own party the stronger. They ought rather to welcome every temperate and independent Liberal candidate as a contingent or eventual ally; but Lord DERBY was never conspicuous as a political tactician, and Mr. DISRAELI directs the Government policy in accordance with an obsolete theory of Machiavellian faction.

Although the interest of the Conservative party is identified with peace, while the hopes of agitators depend upon the increase of political bitterness, there is another and more profound distinction between the object of Mr. BRIGHT's efforts and the purpose which all constitutional politicians of either party are bound to keep steadily in view. It has been the good fortune of England that society has always been divided like a slate rock, where the cleavage is never found in the same plane with the stratification. While classes are naturally superimposed one on another, parties have always split into perpendicular parallels running from the summit of the community to its base. Every political movement has been headed by leaders who shared the scruples and responsibilities which belong to wealth, to birth, and to education. WILKES himself was a man of fashion and of station, BURDETT was the most exclusive of aristocrats, and more important popular leaders have always been supported by a large portion of the higher classes. But the agitation which is promoted by the resuscitated Manchester League is consciously directed to the organization of the industrial community in direct hostility to the landowners, to the liberal professions, and in general to the higher portions of society. The reciprocal alienation which would ensue on the attainment of their object would be a disaster incomparably more serious than the triumph or failure of any political party. A danger of a similar character, though different in form, has long excited the well-founded anxiety of all thoughtful American politicians. The sectional division between the Democrats and the Republicans is, at every election, becoming more clearly marked; and it seems not improbable that when the North and South are respectively identified with the Government and the Opposition, the Union, notwithstanding the efforts of all patriotic citizens, may, after a time, fall asunder of itself. In England, the risk is less, inasmuch as social distinctions are less permanent and less visible than geographical boundaries; nor is it probable that the wealthy mill-owners of the North will desert their own obvious interest for the sake of promoting a feud between the rich and the poor. Money, however made, is the natural ally of property, however acquired; and the capitalist will prefer the convenience of buying out the squire to the pleasure of holding him up to unmerited detestation. Nevertheless, it is difficult to stigmatize too forcibly or to resist too resolutely systematic attempts to create hostility between the different classes of society.

Mr. BRIGHT, in the insolence of successful progress, has imitated or exceeded the blunders of all other leaders of parties. In the House of Commons, he spoke with bated breath of his moderate and constitutional designs, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL's followers applauded the prudent dissimulation of the ally whom they hoped to use and to cheat, for the same reasons which induced their predecessors twenty years ago to pay similar compliments to O'CONNELL. In Lancashire, surrounded by his devoted adherents, the demagogue fiercely boasts that his own order is more formidable than that which he describes as represented by Lord DERBY. The prophecy that the rival orders will hereafter meet face to face is followed by a triumphant anticipation of the time when the hostile party, or, in other words, the aristocracy and the gentry, will disappear from the surface of the country. The frenzied

applause of the envious and prejudiced mob who listened to the orator is not a proof of his caution or foresight, although it may be a tribute to his eloquence. The danger which Mr. BRIGHT gloats upon as menacing the portions of society which he hates, is happily not to be feared, unless historical experience and probable conjecture are equally fallacious. A mob revolution in behalf of the Lancashire mill-owners, for the purpose of confiscating landed property, would be a singular ebullition of disinterested crime. Plunder for plunder, a capitalist is as well worth stripping as a landlord, and it may be added that the prospect of anarchy would be far more fatal to a form of wealth which is incomparably more sensitive and unstable. Demagogues have seldom found it possible to be consistent in their language when they have had alternately an audience of equals to persuade or to blind, and a host of ignorant followers to convert into instruments of their ambition. An impartial critic, however, might suggest that for the present Mr. BRIGHT loses more by alarming moderate politicians than he gains by stimulating the malignant passions of applauding crowds. His avowed intention of overthrowing social order may possibly influence the elections, or at least temper the language of reforming candidates.

The same inclination to substitute class monopolies for political principles has been coarsely and offensively displayed in the preparations for the South Lancashire election. The supporters of Mr. HERWOOD announced, with unnecessary publicity, that Manchester and Liverpool had determined at all times to divide the county representation between them. As the retirement of Mr. BROWN opened a vacancy for a Liverpool nominee, the Manchester delegation magnanimously adhered to the terms of their bargain. It is unavoidable that two great cities should exercise a considerable influence over the representation of the county, but when the genuine freeholders and agricultural occupiers learn that their franchise is permanently appropriated by their neighbours, they are not unlikely to support any candidate who may profess his sympathy for their confiscated rights.

The elections which are practically decided afford little encouragement to Lord DERBY on one side, or to constitutional Liberals on the other. There is no reason to anticipate any considerable increase of the Ministerial forces, and among their opponents it is evident that the noisy leaders of faction are taking advantage of the cry of Reform to assert their predominance in almost every constituency. There is nothing more stupid, more ignorant, or more vulgar than the typical electioneering partisan in an ordinary borough. Having always voted pea-green at every Parliamentary election, he has kept his hand in since the last occasion by a succession of municipal jobs and squabbles for the benefit of his faction, and perhaps incidentally of himself. As soon as his party succeeds to office, he signs a memorial to the Chancellor for the appointment of half-a-dozen pea-green magistrates, and of as many charity trustees of the same respectable colour. When a dissolution once more comes round, he receives the first intelligence of the pea-green "cry" which may have been issued for the particular occasion. The candidate who will most readily forget all his professions, or merge them in the popular formula, is sure to command the voice of the Little Pedlington Tadpole. The mischief which he effects is proportioned to the plausibility of the official pea-green manifesto of the crisis; and there is too much reason to fear that on the present occasion he will overpower the timidity of many electors who are far from sharing in any revolutionary designs.

Mr. LOWE has been turned out of Kidderminster to make room for a Tory barrister, whose claims, like those of Mr. EDWIN JAMES in Marylebone, rest on his professional engagements as a defender of criminals who are supposed to excite the sympathies of the constituency. Sir ARTHUR ELTON, a Liberal so advanced as even to have been reconciled to the Ballot, has been summarily rejected at Bath on account of a conscientious vote against Lord JOHN RUSSELL's unjustifiable resolution. Mr. GRANVILLE VERNON is rejected at Nottingham because he declines to pledge himself to the Ballot. In all these instances personal qualifications are left altogether out of the question; and without any imputation on the favoured candidates, it may be taken for granted that their professions of faith have been more conducive to their success than any of their more serious pretensions. A House of Commons to which pledges have been administered by the meanest of mankind will scarcely distinguish itself by intelligence, by public spirit, or by self-respect.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE'S RETURN.

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE will be in England in time to join in the General Thanksgiving for successes of which he has been first among the secondary instruments; but he comes home rather too late for any very demonstrative public ovations in honour of his genius and energy. The transports of pity and rage which were provoked by the earlier incidents of the mutiny, and the enthusiasm called forth by the heroism manifested in its suppression, have all been singularly chilled by the difficulties attending Indian finance. It is most unfortunate for Sir JOHN that he should arrive precisely in the *quart d'heure de Rabelais*. Doubtless, in a quieter way, he will receive a tribute to his important services from every home in England; but it is a little to be feared that, in the absence of materials for a great popular demonstration, he may be treated to a substitute for it by the May Meeting people in Exeter Hall. They evidently have their eye on him. A curious relish for those measures of severity which Sir JOHN himself has hitherto probably looked upon as a melancholy necessity seems to combine itself, in the tastes of the religious world, with a fervid admiration for the proselytizing policy shadowed forth in the correspondence with Colonel EDWARDS; and now nothing will persuade Mr. KINNAIRD and his clique that a baronetcy, a pension of 2000*l.* a year, a seat in the Council of India, a Civil Service retiring allowance, and the power of resuming 10,000*l.* per annum at pleasure, are sufficient rewards for their favourite hero. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE is probably better satisfied at present than his admirers; but human nature is human nature, even in a great Indian Proconsul, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab may not be untouched by the devotion which is ready to offer him as much adulation as he pleases, and to claim for him a peerage with an apanage of unlimited magnitude. It will be matter for much regret if, between the praise and pudding to which it invites him, Exeter Hall succeeds in persuading Sir JOHN LAWRENCE that his place in the affections of his countrymen has been won, not by his courage, steadfastness, policy in civil government, and care for the interests of his subjects, but by exceptional and momentary severity, and by weak deference to a dangerous fanaticism.

While Exeter Hall looks forward to Sir JOHN LAWRENCE'S return as a great advantage to the cause of Blood and Bibles, there are signs of curious uneasiness in other quarters respecting the objects which Sir JOHN'S powerful influence may be used to promote in England. Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL, of the *Times*, has done too much towards restoring equity and humanity to their due supremacy in the minds of Englishmen for us to doubt that any opinion he deliberately expresses is dictated by a strong sense of justice, as well as suggested by intelligent observation. When, therefore, in his recent letters, he hints that the worst consequences may be expected from Sir JOHN LAWRENCE'S known hostility to what are called "Talookdaree Settlements," we feel sure he is honestly stating conclusions at which he has arrived from the best materials before him. It is, in fact, not to be questioned that the pacification of Oude has been greatly facilitated by freely investing the great feudatories, or Talookdars, with full proprietary privileges. But this fact is not the least inconsistent with the dislike which Sir JOHN LAWRENCE and all the leading Indian statesmen, generalizing from wider observation, entertain for Talookdaree settlements and for the worthless class which such settlements enrich at the expense of the actual cultivator. The primary phenomena of Indian society are the complicated land tenures which give the humblest ryot a qualified proprietorship in the soil. To protect him in this right, and to regulate it, require not only a patient and skilful, but a strong Government. Now, the English Government in Oude, even when putting forward its strength to the utmost, is comparatively weak; and in all attempts to ameliorate the condition of the cultivator, it has to contend, not only with the opposition of an oligarchy interested in resisting its measures, but with the ignorance and lawlessness of the peasantry themselves. Under such circumstances, it is an obvious policy to throw overboard the masses who are unwilling to be benefited, and to confirm the pretended aristocracy in its usurped possessions. A very powerful, very reckless, and very unscrupulous order has thus its interests identified with the maintenance of British sovereignty, and, though the subordinate tenures of the peasantry are abandoned to seigniorial usurpation, nobody—not even the peasants themselves—is the least

discontented. But, however recommended by the exigency of the moment, such a settlement is not the less inequitable and unwise. To turn any body of cultivators, however stupidly ignorant of their rights, into the cottiers of Ireland, is no very distinguished feat for a civilized Government. The Mahometan Emperors of Delhi had at least no such ambition. The class now claiming to be an aristocracy is descended from their tax-gatherers; and certainly in the more disturbed reigns, it may be believed that the Talookdar or Zemindar, so long as he paid his balances, was left to oppress the cultivators as much as he pleased. But the very worst of the Moguls would have regarded the abandonment of the ryots, not as one of his triumphs, but as one of his calamities.

Sir JOHN LAWRENCE'S estimate of the spurious Indian aristocracy is only one proof among hundreds of a tenderness for the people of India which has always been his chief characteristic, but which his English worshippers never think of associating with his name. Perhaps his humanity and sagacity were never more conspicuously manifested than in his steady opposition to that incredible system of chicane which in India is misnamed judicial procedure. Sir JOHN saw from the first that we could never hold the Punjab if, through the instrumentality of our Civil Courts, we harassed it with vexations more intolerable to the cultivator than open robbery and tyranny. He could have predicted that Oude would rather face our arms than obey our laws, and he will doubtless add his testimony to the mass of evidence which has accumulated on the only point on which all our witnesses agree—namely, that universal hatred of the Anglo-Indian civil tribunals had just culminated on the eve of the mutiny. The code which is called by Sir JOHN LAWRENCE'S name is very far from a masterpiece of juridical science; but, rude as it is, it has given us the Punjab, and may yet save us the North-Western Provinces. It is to be hoped that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, when he takes his seat in the Council of India, may be in time to protest against the suicidal measure which is veiled under the plausible pretext of substituting a Financial for a Legislative Councilor at Calcutta. By a series of *coups d'état* which in any other department of State would have been considered as tainted with violent illegality, the whole machinery provided by the Act of 1833 for the amendment of law and procedure in India has been gradually destroyed. The Indian Law Commissioners have been extinguished by the simple process of omitting to fill up vacancies, and now, in the teeth of the manifest intention both of the statute of 1833 and of that of 1853, the Government proposes to suppress the only functionary in India who is directly responsible for the improvement of jurisprudence. The plea for this stroke of policy is singular. A Minister of Finance is wanted in India; and so the Government proceeds to supply the want by abolishing the Ministry of Justice. We shall next hear that the urgently needed additional Judge has been furnished to the Divorce Court by pensioning off Mr. DISRAELI and suppressing the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. There is too much reason to believe that Lord STANLEY and his Council are following a cry which has been got up by a single Calcutta newspaper, and is intended to promote two objects dear to all Calcutta journalists and to all Calcutta shopkeepers. First, it is hoped that the English Government may be got to insult the Indian Civil Service by endorsing the proposition that, though it once made the Home Administration a present of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, it does not include a single competent financier. Next, it is believed that something may be done to help on the monstrous project of extending English law, pure and simple, to the whole of British India. Six months ago, this last result seemed beyond the bounds of possibility; but the conductors of the *Friend of India* know perfectly well that Indian statesmen may be driven at last to adopt it in sheer despair, if the codification of the chaotic legal systems of the Peninsula—an undertaking already too heavy for one man's undivided energies—falls by the act of the Home Government into the proverbial condition of "nobody's business."

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

THE immortals have once more descended from their bowers of bliss to challenge the shepherd's award. PARIS is appealed to, but by a triad of somewhat hard-featured and scraggy divinities. The competing goddesses of the occasion are those grim-visaged political rivals, Mr. DISRAELI, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Lord PALMERSTON. The piny Ida

is the deal hustings, and PARIS is the British voter. The scene is not so pretty as in the voluptuous Titians, and Rubenses, and Tennysons of art, pictorial and poetical, but for many practical purposes the likeness is appropriate enough. The Regent ORLEANS and Old Q—, who are said to have delighted in reproducing this famous classical picture, would hardly perhaps be satisfied with the political *pose*; but, at any rate, there is enough of that liberal display of secret charms—enough of the unveiling of attractions which are all but venal—in the three appellants for public favour on either occasion, to afford a general likeness. Of course, we are not bound to pursue the parallel through all its points, for it would be difficult to say which of the political beauties of our day answers to her Olympian antitype. If Lord JOHN might not perhaps pass for MINERVA, or Absolute Wisdom, he at least recalls her owl, so prosy and sententious is the style of his City address. Mr. DISRAELI is so impressive in requiring the electors of Bucks to invest "Her MAJESTY'S "Government with becoming authority," that we are reminded of her who made

Proffer of Royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish State.

And common consent will at least recognise in the gallant Viscount—him of perennial youth and many a wife—the likeliest representative of her, the Idalian APHRODITE, who—

— with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half whispering spoke, and laugh'd —

and of course secured the fatal and worthless fruit of gold.

Mr. DISRAELI, like HERE, was the first to strip. His address is dated April 4. Lord JOHN exposed himself naked and not ashamed, like PALLAS, "somewhat apart and snowy-cold," April 6. Sure of winning, easy and confident, and never in a hurry, Lord PALMERSTON, laughter-loving, care-dispelling, throws out his spells as late as April 7. We propose to contrast their respective addresses to the simple shepherd. And first, as to the style of these compositions. Mr. DISRAELI affects the sonorous and the epigrammatic. He addresses the Buckinghamshire farmers with happy reminiscences of a Tulleries pamphlet and a patriotic appeal of the days of GEORGE III. "It is for the country to comprehend "and to remedy these evils. The moment is critical. The "condition is alike prejudicial to Parliament and to the "Empire." These aphorisms might have been written by M. DE LA GUERRONIERE. Here is a counterfeit of that condensed strength which is only a puff of smoke—the hard, lumpy, sententious affectation of weight and solidity—with which French political pamphleteers have made us familiar; while the concluding crash, inviting the "loyalty and public spirit "of the county of Buckingham to rally round her MAJESTY'S "Government, and to return me for the sixth time," is nearly equal to the late Mr. ELLISTON'S "Bless ye, my people." The point, however, in Mr. DISRAELI'S address, is that it has no point. His antithetical exordium of balanced pleonasms leads to an historical sketch which tells nothing of a situation which it is only possible to describe by negations. "A Parliamentary majority, availing itself of its numerical "strength," is certainly no novelty, except when thus described. Most adverse votes have been characterized, by defeated Parliamentary minorities suffering under numerical weakness, as "disingenuous manoeuvres;" and whilst taking credit for his chief's "diligence," Mr. DISRAELI, not having much to say, falls back upon the easy resource of alliteratives. Adding "devotion" to "diligence," and "duty" to both, he produces a platitude which sounds ominously like an epitaph. But as "the QUEEN'S Government" is mentioned twice, and "her MAJESTY'S Government" is specified as frequently, while her MAJESTY herself, in addition, is named no less than thrice, we may fairly admit that Mr. DISRAELI has done his best to suggest a cry which looks very like a practical embodiment, late in life, of his youthful joke of "Our young "QUEEN and our old institutions."

Lord JOHN RUSSELL is evidently impressed with the solemnity of baring himself for the critical scrutiny. The coy reluctance with which he disrobes his conscience, and the nervousness which attends MINERVA in the act of unveiling, may perhaps account for that memorable figure of speech which professes to discover in the Reform Bill "one of its provisions most conspicuous by its "absence." Indeed, so pleased is he with hitting the blot, that he repeats it; and the feature most conspicuous by its absence in his own address is an account of the Reform Bill with which he purposes to supersede that which he has de-

feated. Conspicuous, however, by their presence, as being utterly irrelevant to the matter in hand—if there had been a matter in hand, which there was not—are Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S references to Parliamentary history. Mr. PITT dissolved for this reason, and Lord MELBOURNE for that; but for what reason Lord DERBY dissolves, he (Lord JOHN RUSSELL) is perfectly ignorant, because it is convenient not to know. Mr. PITT, and Lord MELBOURNE, and Lord DERBY dissolve for pretty much the same reason that Lord JOHN writes his address to the electors of the City of London. In the one case, the object is to keep, in the other to get, office. But as it has been ruled to be rude to hint this in Parliament, it would be indiscreet to reveal it on the hustings; and so, what with criticising her rival's charms, and appealing to the muse of history with reference to beauty in general, MINERVA contrives to blink what PARIS alone wants to know—what *quid* he will get for the *quo* which he is asked to give. Whoever has substantial apples or votes to confer will be rather more anxious to know Lord JOHN'S own method of governing the country than to be favoured with his review of the Reform debate, or his little essay on the rationale of dissolutions; and when we are assured "that while it is difficult "to be sagacious and clear-sighted, it is easy to be suspicious "and uncharitable," we shall not be disposed to contest the authority of the dictum from one whose political life has so eminently illustrated the doctrine which it lays down.

Lord PALMERSTON, it is almost needless to say, does the part of *Venus Victrix* to perfection. He knows that the way to success is to assume it; and to say that you are the winner is to be really master of the situation. Hence the easy way in which he shows us that all we want is to give him the real power. Substantially, he was all along the governor of the Government ever since they took office; and therefore the dissolution and general election are only a great waste of time and money, and the only result will be to make him, Lord PALMERSTON, Prime Minister in name as he has long been in fact.

And so the three addresses are eminently characteristic of their authors. If we had not had some experience of him, we should give the preference to Lord PALMERSTON'S, both as to matter and style. There is an ease and confidence, an air of superior contempt and well-bred candour about him, which befits a reigning beauty. But, like other beauties, the noble Viscount is better anywhere than at home. He sparkles brilliantly in society—he makes everybody envious by his superior attractions—he does everything but the house-work. VENUS is a delightful mistress, but an uncommonly bad wife. As to PALLAS ATHENE, she is like our own Lord JOHN—a great deal too wise, too sententious, with a mind too well poised, and with constitutional sentiments and powers of lecturing in apophthegmatic dullness, which are edifying rather than attractive; nor, we regret to say, is she without a spice of that quarrelsomeness which belongs to all MINERVAS, but which is fatal to anything like a romantic attachment. And as to the imperial JUNO, we cannot help thinking that she sues rather for her own sake than for our love, and that the termagant of heaven is rather too fond of power to be a pleasant helpmeet. And so it all comes round to the old end of the old story. Poor puzzled PARIS was perhaps quite right in rejecting two out of the three rival Goddesses, and when he chose at last he had better have left her alone.

SIR BALDWIN WALKER'S REPORT.

IF anything were needed to justify Lord CLARENCE PAGET'S complaint against the Admiralty, the counter-statement furnished by the Surveyor of the Navy would serve the purpose admirably. It has suited the game of the Board of Admiralty to represent a motion for fuller information as a specific charge against Sir BALDWIN WALKER. But Lord CLARENCE PAGET was far from asserting of his own knowledge that 5,000,000*l.*, or any other sum, had actually been wasted. The very essence of his complaint was that the secrecy in which the dockyard expenditure was shrouded made it quite impossible for any one to say whether the money had been thrown into the sea to propitiate NEPTUNE, or, if not, where the fruits of so large an expenditure were to be looked for. Sir BALDWIN WALKER'S answer is very triumphant in tone, and it seems to be thought a great victory that official information proves more exact than the guesses by which Lord CLARENCE attempted to grope his way towards the truth which had been so studiously concealed. But the answer is a conclusive proof of the accusation which

was really made; for we venture to say that no one out of the pale of the dockyards could have formed the remotest idea of the items which have swallowed up the missing 5,000,000*l.* What is still more striking is, that with Sir BALDWIN WALKER's return before us, we are as little able as ever to say whether the waste of the dockyards reaches the supposed amount, or whether those establishments are models of thrift and good management. This is just what might have been expected from a Report addressed to the public who know absolutely nothing of the details to which it relates, and studiously framed for the purpose of putting down impertinent curiosity. Probably the long delayed Report of the Committee on Dockyard Expenditure, if it is ever to be produced, may throw more light upon the matter, but Sir BALDWIN WALKER's statement leaves us as much in the dark as ever.

The substance of what it does tell us is as follows:—During the last eleven years the sums voted for the dockyards, after deducting some small surpluses repaid to the Exchequer, amounted in round numbers to 21,680,000*l.* Out of this the cost of building new ships was less than 5,000,000*l.*, but upwards of 2,600,000*l.* was laid out in the purchase of gun-boats, floating-batteries, and other vessels, and about 320,000*l.* in the conversion of sailing-ships into screw-steamers. The total cost of the steam fleet added to the navy during the period embraced by the Report thus appears to be rather below 8,000,000*l.* Another million went mainly for stores supplied to other departments and to foreign Governments—when or why we are not informed, but probably for the most part during the Russian war. The maintenance of ships in ordinary cost 235,000*l.* Certain incidental expenses and unsettled claims account for about 170,000*l.* more, and as much as 1,500,000*l.* has, we are glad to find, been added to the value of the timber and naval stores on hand.

The items we have enumerated exhaust about one-half of the whole outlay, leaving 10,700,000*l.* to be explained. The whole of this vast sum has been swallowed up in supplying fittings and stores to the new vessels, and in the repairs and other expenses incidental to the service of the fleet, not including the wages and victuals of the men. This is substantially all the information which the Surveyor of the Navy gives us. It is true he cuts up the total amount into a number of separate particulars. He tells us how much has been spent at home, and how much on foreign stations, which it is not very material to know; and there is one item which can only be compared to the entry of "sundries" by which men who are not very minute in their accounts sometimes manage to conceal the nature of their expenditure. Considering that the avowed object of the document drawn up by Sir BALDWIN WALKER was to convey information to the world at large, the following entry is an amusing specimen of mystification:—"Expenses incurred on moorings, cables, buoys, &c.; trans-
"porting and docking ships, cranes, capstans, carts, &c.;
"repairs to yard transports, lighters, barges, and boats; re-
"ceiving, landing, and shipping stores and timber; carting,
"carting, pitting, and issuing timber, &c.—2,469,747*l.*" If we had been told how much of this went towards the construction of new ships, or the repair and supply of old ones, it might have been less impossible to guess the percentage of waste; but to landmen, at any rate, it must still remain a mystery how two-and-a-half millions can be spent in such odds and ends in the course of eleven years. It is clear that details of this kind will not help to explain where the 10,700,000*l.* has gone. One piece of knowledge which may throw some faint gleam of light on the real seat of waste is furnished by the Report of the Committee which investigated the Navy Estimates. There we find that the masts, rigging, sails, and stores of a first-rate cost less than one-fifth of the hull; and if the same proportion holds for smaller vessels, the fitting of all the new ships could not have cost more than 1,700,000*l.* This brings us to the grand result that, in eleven years, 9,000,000*l.* has been laid out in merely keeping up the fleet in working condition. We profess the profoundest ignorance as to the expenditure which may be necessary for this purpose; but with this unexplained 9,000,000*l.* staring us in the face, we cannot say that the suggestion of enormous waste is yet put out of court. Does it cost more than 800,000*l.* a-year just to keep the material of the navy in good order, or how much of the money is spent in dismantling a ship one day, rigging her with jury masts on another, and refitting her for sea a little later? It is possible, no doubt, to get rid of almost any amount of money by the energetic pursuit of crotchets of this kind; but having the

warning of Lord CLARENCE PAGET's unsuccessful guesses before us, we shall not presume to do more than say that the mystery is as unfathomable as ever, and that Sir BALDWIN WALKER has triumphantly proved that much fuller information must be given if it is really intended that the country shall know how the money lavished on the navy is actually spent.

If there has been waste, the source of it ought to be laid bare. If frugality has always prevailed, it is equally essential that the virtues of the Admiralty should not be hidden under a bushel. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON very properly entreated the House to suspend its judgment until all obscurity had been cleared away by the revelations which he promised, and still promises, to give. In return it is but fair to expect that the term of suspense will be shortened as much as possible, and that the Report, which was announced as ready several weeks ago, may at least be produced on the earliest opportunity which the unfortunate dissolution of Parliament will now permit. If war be as near as Sir JOHN PAKINGTON seemed to imply in his speech on Tuesday, the Admiralty will probably have lost the opportunity which it affects to desire of regaining the confidence of the country before the pressure of business shall have put new difficulties in the way of a complete investigation. The doubts which have prevailed as to the absolute perfection of the present system are too strong to be appeased by a clever Return which explains nothing; and whatever may be the aspect of affairs, the Admiralty will, we trust, be compelled either to furnish a complete vindication of its economy or to submit to a searching reform. The task of canvassing Droitwich will not occupy much of the FIRST LORD's time, and he may perhaps find leisure before the meeting of the new Parliament to prepare that full disclosure of the secrets of the department which, after all that has passed, cannot be much longer withheld.

LORD STANLEY ON FORESIGHT.

BARNUM discoursing on honesty, LOLA MONTEZ descanting on feminine virtue, and Lord DERBY holding forth on the evils of faction, are very droll exhibitions; but Lord STANLEY delivering a homily on financial foresight fairly caps them all. In a despatch of the 16th of March, which has been recently printed, the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA writes to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in this strain:—"I cannot refrain from observing, that your requisition for an immediate supply of bullion from this country, without a previous indication of your contemplating such a step, appears to furnish evidence of some want of foresight on the part of those officers of your Government to whom your financial arrangements are entrusted." There is a familiar maxim with a certain class of disputants—"When in the wrong, always be the first to attack"—to which Lord STANLEY's homily may probably be attributed. The date of the despatch coincides with the time when the Indian Secretary first became conscious of the blunder which he had made in his financial statement; and Lord STANLEY had at any rate foresight enough to discover the advantage of shifting the blame, if possible, on to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL for not having sooner communicated the extent of his embarrassments. No better excuse could have been desired than the fact, if it be a fact, that the little omission of 9,000,000*l.* from the account of monies to be borrowed was caused by the culpable neglect of Lord CANNING to inform the Home Government of the circumstances which might be expected to render a loan to that amount necessary. But destiny is hard upon Lord STANLEY just now, and perverse facts insist on demolishing his last refuge. If the real origin of the immediate deficiency had been in India, want of information might very fairly have been pleaded. But it unluckily happens that the sole cause of the present necessity for the despatch of bullion from this country is to be found in the transactions of the Home Government. When the mutiny broke out, it was arranged that remittances from India should cease until the finances were restored to their normal condition. But the railway guarantees seriously interfered with this understanding. One part of the arrangements with the railway companies was that the Indian Government should act as their bankers—receiving the capital as it was called up, and paying it out again when required for the prosecution of the works. With the exception of two or three per cent. of the amount, all the shares in these companies are held in England; and the sums raised by calls are paid into the Home Treasury. About half of the outlay seems to be incurred in India; and this is

drawn out of the Calcutta Exchequer, into which nothing, or next to nothing, is paid. The effect of the whole operation is precisely the same as if the Home Government drew bills on the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in favour of the Companies for the amount of the railway disbursements in India; and so long as the amount is limited to the cash likely to be forthcoming there, there can be no objection to so convenient a system of account. But it must be remembered that the sums paid in India to the railway companies do really represent drafts by the Home Government; and the probable amount of the demand on this account is consequently a matter on which Lord STANLEY would have to give, and not to receive, information.

If we have made this intelligible, there will be no difficulty in seeing how far Lord STANLEY was dependent on the GOVERNOR-GENERAL for information as to his probable requirements. The whole amount which will have to be raised in addition to the loan for Home expenses is now estimated at about 9,000,000*l.* The remittances from India through the medium of the railway companies during the current year—to which the dangerous reduction of the cash balance is entirely due—will amount by the end of this month to about 4,500,000*l.*, and the lowest estimate for the year now approaching is 5,000,000*l.* more. The loan which Lord CANNING is endeavouring to raise in India, and the whole of the money which is to be shipped from England, will therefore be absorbed in making remittances to the Home Government. The only way in which the extent of these requirements could have been predicted was by making an estimate of the amount which the railways were likely to draw, and this, of course, would depend on the amount of the calls previously paid into the Home Treasury. Lord CANNING's want of foresight, therefore, consisted in his not having written home to say how much railway capital was likely to be paid up in London. The whole immediate difficulty has, in fact, been occasioned by the large extension of the railway operations consequent on the suppression of the mutiny and the ease of the London money market. That there was a want of foresight in not taking account of the difficulties which these enormous drafts on India must inevitably occasion, may be conceded, but as they were matters known here before they could be anticipated in India, it argues masterly coolness on the part of Lord STANLEY to charge his own blindness on those who were dependent on him for information.

But the Indian Minister is not alone in want of foresight. It seems to be very generally agreed not to venture to look forward to the inevitable results of the next few years. In one sense, we are no admirers of prospective finance, and in the case of India none but a madman would attempt to predict what the state of affairs will be after the lapse of four or five years. It would be difficult to find a single interval of this duration in which the finances of India have not been disturbed by some wholly unforeseen event; and though there does seem a fair prospect of tranquillity at present, it would be very idle to speculate upon so uncertain a contingency. But finance which is not intended to lead to bankruptcy must be prospective so far as to provide against liabilities which are certain to arise. The policy now in fashion is simply to send out orders to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to reduce his expenditure and increase his income, until he has worked off the present adverse balance of 9,000,000*l.* a-year. This is a very admirable plan, so far as it goes; but it is worth while to consider where it will land us in the course of a few years, unless combined with some expedients for assisting its operation. It is admitted on all hands that no very substantial saving can be effected, except by reducing the military expenditure to something like the amount at which it stood before the mutiny. The Commission to which the future organization of the Indian Army has been referred, have unanimously reported that the permanent European force cannot be safely reduced below 80,000 men; and in order to balance the increase on this head, it will be necessary to disband about 150,000 of the native troops at present in our pay. It is obvious that this can only be done by degrees. The natives, it is true, are now sullenly submissive; but a very sudden reduction of the army might not improve their temper, and would certainly convert our present soldiers into a formidable band of Pindarrees. Lord ELLENBOROUGH has stated his conviction that five years, at least, must be allowed for the gradual reduction of the army to its peace establishment; and it is not necessary to be a Governor-General or a soldier to see that this is quite as favourable an estimate as it is safe to

take. The best that can be hoped for is, that in the course of about five years the deficit will have been got rid of; and even this supposes that the increase in the charge for the public debt, and the interest payable on railway capital during the construction of the works, can be provided for by new taxation. On this rather sanguine assumption, that the deficit will be reduced at the rate of some 2,000,000*l.* a-year until it shall have finally disappeared after the lapse of five years, the amount of the Indian debt will have to be increased in the intervening time by more than 30,000,000*l.*, and the annual charge by at least a million and a-half. The capital of the present debt (including the 12,000,000*l.* for which the interest of the old proprietors of India Stock is redeemable) is about 92,000,000*l.*, and the annual charge nearly 4,000,000*l.* If, therefore, Lord STANLEY's policy should have all the success which he himself could hope for, and which we presume to believe impossible, India would start afresh somewhere about 1864, with a balanced exchequer, and a debt of between 120,000,000*l.* and 130,000,000*l.*, bearing interest to the amount of not less than five and a-half millions. Even to effect this, it will be necessary to prolong, during the period of retrenchment, the suspension of reproductive works, which seems already to have been enforced.

Now, contrast this with the results which would flow from the conversion of the debt into a guaranteed stock. The immediate saving, at the present price of Consols, would be rather more than a million a year. As the debt grew, this would increase also, until, at the end of the transitional period, it would approach a million and three quarters; and the intermediate savings would have left 7,000,000*l.* applicable to public works, and probably bringing in, if judiciously expended, returns sufficient to raise the total surplus with which to commence the new era of peace to two or perhaps three millions a year. We do not believe that this comparison at all approaches the truth, because we have no faith in the possibility of so speedy a reduction of the deficit as we have, for the sake of argument, supposed. But even on the assumption most in favour of the policy of leaving India to right itself by its own resources, the amount of assistance which an Imperial guarantee would afford is so considerable that the policy of granting it might well deserve consideration, even if the power of refusal were not in reality already gone. But foresight is not a virtue to be preached by Ministers who do not care to practise it, and Lord STANLEY can scarcely be asked to look forward four or five years before he has learned to see his way for as many weeks.

MR. BRIGHT AMONG HIS "ORDER."

ON Thursday, March the 25th, Mr. BRIGHT closed a long and temperate speech upon the Reform Bill with an allusion to the beautiful petition read daily before the House of Commons, in which they pray that their counsels may tend to "*knit together the hearts of all persons and estates within this realm.*" Three weeks have not yet passed over our heads, and the echoes of the debate are still ringing in our ears, when we find Mr. BRIGHT upon the platform at Manchester. We hoped, as we listened, that the solemn quotation which he had thought fit to introduce so conspicuously in a discussion so grave, was more than a sanctioning touch of rhetoric—more than a mere device to raise a cheer. If those words meant anything at all, they surely meant that he who spoke them was prepared, not indeed to abandon his convictions, but to maintain his views in a spirit far removed from the vile clamour of sedition. He was going, we half trusted, as far as in him lay, to aid in the patriotic mission of furthering harmony and "knitting hearts together." We were about to see the instructive spectacle of an advanced Reformer who could animate without inflaming his audience—who could be the supporter of progress without being the apostle of dissension—who, amid the heat of party conflict, had not lost sight of the higher truths of peace on earth and goodwill among men. Vain expectation! Mr. BRIGHT upon the hustings is not the Mr. BRIGHT who "bates his breath" before the House of Commons. He has folded up his Parliament dress, and put it by until the next occasion. His assumed tone of moderation was but a blind to suit the temper of the assembly he addressed. He breathes again his own free air, and is once more the agitator of a few months back. Here is the language he holds to the electors of Manchester when he is freed from the conventional restraints of St. Stephen's. This is the way Mr. BRIGHT proceeds to "knit hearts together!"—"This Lord DERBY

"treats this question of Reform as he treats the people—with absolute contempt. We know perfectly that there is no monopoly of loyalty in his (Lord DERBY's) order. We know perfectly well that the time may come when his order and ours may come in closer conflict. If his alone were left in these islands, where would be the British nation? Our order may be left here, and left alone, and the British nation may be as great and free as it has ever been. If Lord DERBY chooses from the floor of the House of Lords to cast his taunts upon us, upon our order, upon the people in the United Kingdom, let me tell him from this floor that there is a power greater than his power." Such was the cheering which this absurd and reckless harangue elicited from those of Mr. BRIGHT's "order" who were present, that we cannot be sure that he is not, at this very moment, marching upon London at the head of the "United Shop-boys" and "Bands of Love" from among the Manchester mechanics. "This" Lord DERBY must be ready at half-an-hour's notice to expiate his sinful life upon the scaffold. The highest offices of Church and State will henceforth centre in one remarkable person. The British aristocracy will, no doubt, be sent immediately to the Tower—except one or two of the largest lords, who are to be reserved as specimens of an effete species for the Zoological Gardens. As for the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rest of the Bench, they will be made away with in privacy, or conducted to execution with copies of the Seventh Commandment round their necks. Mr. BRIGHT and his "order" must be left alone—yes—no paltering with justice—quite alone!

The worst of the blow is that it is so grievously unexpected. We have been accustomed for a long time to hear Mr. BRIGHT contradict himself. For some months we have been in the most complete bewilderment as to whether we were to regard the House of Lords as an imposture and the Bishops as an "adulterous birth," or whether he intended, after all, to "stand by the landmarks of the British constitution." The Birmingham orator had been so gentle with us during several weeks that we were lulled into a false security. Let us look back at his more recent performances in public. On March the 1st, Mr. BRIGHT does not desire "any violent political discussion or angry controversy in or out of the Houses of Parliament." March is a windy month, and somewhat ruffling to the temper, but we were delighted to find that, at its close, no effect had been produced upon the placid member for Birmingham. The atmosphere of St. Stephen's had apparently preserved him from the sharp influence of the east winds. There is nothing like Parliamentary air for keeping patriots pleasant. On April the 5th, he still thinks that he and his friends "are the last who can be charged with any attempt to revolutionize the Constitution." He wishes to "enter upon this contested election in a spirit of calmness," "to discuss Reform fairly, and not to be charged with revolutionary designs." Suddenly, on April the 12th, he discovers that he and the people have been insulted, and contemplates with cruel satisfaction an approaching millennium when he will be left alone with his "order." The storm takes us so suddenly aback that we scarcely feel able to reply. What can have produced this alarming alteration in the weather? Whence this sudden change from the lamb to the lion?

One half of it may be attributable to the fact that Mr. BRIGHT (as was pleasantly observed by Mr. GLADSTONE of himself) finds it easier to talk with confidence when there is no likelihood of his being answered. It is agreeable to expatiate upon the excellence of American institutions when those present know nothing about America. The House of Commons, moreover, is a ticklish audience even for the most accomplished patriot. It is excessively inconvenient to know that a great constitutional orator is going to succeed you, who will scatter your revolutionary platitudes to the four quarters of heaven. Besides, many members of that assembly are acquainted with history, and some have gone so far as to read "all the works of THUCYDIDES," with which Mr. BRIGHT has at best but trifled. Yet one-half of the phenomenon remains to be accounted for. The truth is, Lord DERBY—with something more than his characteristic rashness and indiscretion—insinuated the other night, in the House of Lords, that no man in his senses could imagine that her MAJESTY would ever accept Mr. BRIGHT as a Minister. This is the sacrilegious profanity which has roused the wrath of the patron divinity of the People. This is the way in which the electors of Manchester have been trampled upon. There certainly cannot be two opinions about the extreme impropriety of the remark which Lord DERBY thought himself called

upon to make; but at the same time it must be owned that the justice of his estimate of Mr. BRIGHT is entirely confirmed by that gentleman's philippic on the Manchester platform. Henceforward the member for Birmingham must be content to take his place with those demagogues who are chiefly distinguished for their restless desire of notoriety. He has had the chance of becoming a prominent leader of the Liberal cause—he has elected instead to play the part of a turbulent stump orator. The intelligent and industrious among high and low alike will decline to waste their time on the inflammatory diatribes of one who has shown himself incapable of all statesmanship. Whether the electors of Birmingham will continue to think such a firebrand worthy to represent a loyal constituency is for themselves to decide. The sober-minded of the working classes, who love order and love their country, and who are aware that the class above them, with all its faults, has their interests really at heart, may not unreasonably withhold their support from a champion who only prejudices the cause he represents. Mr. BRIGHT will always have an ample field on which to display his rhetorical abilities. He can be a self-chosen delegate to the debating clubs of Leicester-square, where he may attain those honours which we fear must remain beyond the reach of such politicians in the representative assembly of a nation. He will there be able to realize earlier that auspicious moment for which he longs, when he and his "order" will be left all alone. He may be sure that, as far as we are concerned, his reign will be supreme and undisputed, though we cannot promise that he will not find formidable competitors for mob popularity. There he may, as long and as late as he pleases (provided he do not disturb the neighbourhood), wax eloquent upon that "order's" wrongs, brandish his quarterstaff, and dare Lord DERBY, the House of Lords, and the United Kingdom, to come on. As a public man, he does himself irreparable injury by these insane tirades. If, however, the people of England are not likely to be led away by his extravagant absurdities, it is no thanks to him that it is so. Little as may be the evil he has effected, he has done what he could. He has endeavoured to raise a war of class against class, and he may vainly plead in excuse that, "though he has spoken daggers, he has used none."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LOGIC.

COMMONPLACES of all kinds are amongst the most essential parts of our intellectual furniture, and they sometimes assume a degree of importance which makes it necessary to subject them to careful examination. Nothing has been more remarkable in the discussions which have lately taken place upon foreign and domestic affairs than the assumption, so frequently been made on one side of the Channel, and acquiesced in on the other, that there is a radical difference between the modes of argument—we might almost say the laws of thought—which ought to be recognised in France and England. The respective allegations which have been made have usually assumed some such shape as the following. France, we are told, is a country of logic—it is governed by logical instincts. A Frenchman may be right or he may be wrong, but at any rate he is always consistent, and is never without a why for his wherefore. In England, on the other hand, it is said that we do not know what general principles mean. We never assert them—we do not care for or understand them. We live in an atmosphere of compromises. Our law, our language, our Constitution—nay, our very creed—are compromises. We do not believe in truth and falsehood at all, and it is fortunate for us that we are indifferent to them, for we have no organs which would enable us to apprehend them except in the cases in which they assume a base, material, palpable form.

This is the way in which the contrast is usually presented by our Continental candid friends; but there is a school of English talkers and writers which echoes the same opinions in a shape very slightly modified. Theory and practice are, or very lately were, their standard words. Englishmen, it was said, were practical—Frenchmen theoretical. Our views of things were, no doubt, indefensible in theory; but then they came right in practice; and if so, all that could be said was, so much the worse for the theory. That our conduct in many instances is justified by the practical result is no doubt true; but the ignorant and scornful admission that theory is opposed to it rests on a very different foundation. These assertions are so frequently put forward, and exercise so wide, and in many respects so bad an influence over many minds in the present day, that we think it important to consider how far they are grounded in truth.

There unquestionably is a certain degree of ground for the assertion that the French are a logical people. They have a great deal of mental liveliness, and are generally much more anxious to put their opinions in a clear light than to get at the truth. They have, moreover, a language which is thin and clear. It deals very little in synonyms, or in those groups of words denoting

minute shades of meaning which are so common in English. Let any one, for example, try to translate the following into French:—

I have been joyful gathering gear,
I have been happy thinking,
I have been blithe with comrades dear,
I have been merry drinking;

or this:—"plumes are made of feathers, pens are made of quills." It is, moreover, unquestionably true, though the remark suggests a very wide discussion, that the scheme upon which French composition is framed is far simpler than that which prevails here. Sentences of six words and paragraphs of five lines do not, for a variety of reasons, suit our national taste; and these circumstances, no doubt, give to French writers and thinkers an air of logical consistency and precision which is often wanting in our own countrymen.

These, however, are but external reasons for a distinction which is unquestionably far more deeply seated. The position which the great French writers occupied, and the education by which their minds were formed, were very different indeed from those which have determined the character of English speculation upon all the great subjects of thought—upon theology, politics, history, and literature. The powerful and systematic organization of the Roman Catholic Church and theology exercised a deep influence over many of their most remarkable men, and its influence was exerted exclusively on the side of systematic authority as opposed to individual speculation. The vast influence which kings and emperors have exercised in France for the last two centuries, and the plan of doing things not by degrees, but by violent jerks, which has been favoured by the strength of some and the weakness of other political parties, have united, with various other influences which it would be easy to enumerate, to impress a certain prepotent and definite form upon many departments of French thought; but though it is true that in this sense, and to this extent, the French may deserve the name of a logical nation, we believe it is altogether untrue that they deserve it in any sense whatever which would entitle them to regard the English as intellectually their inferiors. French logic very often—perhaps generally—means little more than an unlimited capacity for making gratuitous assertions in pretentious language; and, indeed, when the phrase is used in connexion with political discussion, it generally has that meaning. Very big phrases, even if they have the advantage of being used consistently with other phrases of a similar kind, prove nothing as to the logical power of those who use them; and we must own that a great part of the talk which we hear so often about the providential destinies, the "unitary tendencies," and the natural limits of France appear to us to be just about as wise as Mr. Disraeli's Territorial Constitution and his great Asian Mystery.

It is, however, against the negative application of the phrases in question that we protest most emphatically. Whatever claims the French may have to logical power, we entirely deny that the English are deficient in it. In the first place, it is by no means the case that *a priori* reasoning on political and social subjects is an unfamiliar thing in English literature. It is perfectly true that the habit has fallen into discredit of late years, but if any one will look back a very few generations, he will find that English writers could, and did, use abstract terms, and argue from first principles which they asserted to be everlasting and self-evident truths, as fluently as any Frenchmen whatever. During the whole of the last century this method was in use in this country upon all sorts of subjects, and especially on theology, morals, and politics. Adam Clarke's "demonstrations" of the existence and attributes of God—Warburton's "demonstration" of the Divine Legation of Moses—the speculations on the law of nature and nations which are to be found in all the writers of the time upon law and morals, and of which the works of Blackstone and Paley furnish many well-known instances—and, above all, the theory of the rights of man first put into explicit shape by Paine, and afterwards transplanted into France, and worshipped under the name of the Principles of 1789, as a sort of embodiment of the logical genius of the French nation—are a few proofs of the fact that, if there is any particular credit in being able to argue upon broad principles, the English are as fully entitled to it as any other nation in the world. The simple truth is, that we are beginning to outgrow the folly of setting up mere phrases for the purpose of worshipping them. Speculation in this country has got beyond the stage at which a plausible assertion is supposed to be equivalent to an eternal truth. We, if we liked, could talk as our predecessors often have talked, of self-evident first principles; but we have happily learnt to see that that way of speaking is a very foolish one, and very far indeed from being in any case even approximately true. The humorist who parodied a well-known work by putting forward, as a near "guess at truth," the proposition that he "never heard of an eternal truth without thinking of an infernal lie," recorded in a pithy form the result of much experience. Take, for example, the familiar assertion that all men are born free, which is often regarded as an axiomatic truth. How vast a number of qualifications must be introduced into it before it can be made even proximately correct! In the first case, it clearly should run, "ought to be," for in point of fact many people are born slaves. Even with this alteration, the proposition will not hold good, unless the other conditions and component parts of natural society can be set forth; and if they are, the assertion will either be that there is but one form of society possible for any

men, under any circumstances, which is not an abuse and usurpation, or else that freedom is an element in a particular theory about society. The first of these propositions is false, and the second nugatory.

To persist in forcing speculation into this form is, in fact, a mark of an immature state of mind, whether in a nation or in an individual, and in so far as we have freed ourselves from it in this country, our national reputation for logic ought rather to rise than to fall, unless indeed any one is foolish enough to suppose that logical power can only be shown by reasoning on broad and false premises, and that to argue from intricate premisses to intricate conclusions is a mark of an illogical mind. This singular delusion is as wide-spread as it is extraordinary. No commonplace is more frequently repeated than that French law must be more logical than English law, because it has been codified. It would be quite as reasonable to say that a tangled string is less continuous than the same string when it is disentangled, or that a polypus is more highly organized than a human being because its construction is more simple. It would require more talent, and a far higher kind of talent, to lay out Kensington Gardens than to lay out the garden of the Tuileries, yet many people would think that the latter was arranged the more systematically of the two, because their eyes would take in the arrangement more readily. We believe that the whole of the fallacy into which people fall who talk so much about French logic consists in the confusion which is so frequently made between logical sequence and simplicity of arrangement—two things which have no connexion, and are very frequently opposed to each other.

EXCELSIOR.

THERE are some societies in London which make it their special business to send little pink tracts to persons with whom they are not otherwise connected. Among the tracts that have lately been issued in this way is one called *Excelsior*, which is not in itself very remarkable, but may be taken as a fair exponent of a set of doctrines about human society which are much in favour with the class of persons whose spasmodic philanthropy takes the form of sending to strangers these gay-looking morsels of religious exhortation. *Excelsior*, in its feeble way, is a story, and it purports to tell how a youth of great abilities devoted himself to human learning until a change came over him, and he took orders, and became a country clergyman. This is all very well, and if the writing is insipid and florid, it is good enough for this sort of publication, and is probably in the style best adapted to the readers supposed to be addressed. We do not wish to criticise a production that is far below the level at which criticism is fair. But there are incidental points in this little story which are really worth noticing, because they are connected with opinions very widely entertained, and with habits of thinking and writing which are considered interesting and religious, but which seem to us wholly unreal and very untrue. It is not because high minds could share in them, but because a great number of small minds are, without reflection, influenced and perverted by them that they are worth attending to; and this little twopenny tract exemplifying them may be worth considering, as it suggests one or two observations on their origin and value.

The story opens with a scene of a mother bringing coffee and sandwiches to a son who is the familiar "student" of romance. "His head, which is supported by both hands over a huge volume, never moves, and the murmur of Greek verse continues unbroken." So far is he from being pleased with the attention paid him by his mother, that he only waits for her to be gone to exclaim—"Oh! why am I doomed to be thus hindered in my path." We know the student of romance pretty well—he is one of the most common, and is perhaps the most purely fictitious, of the stock characters of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's repertory. But a student who gives "passionate utterance" to the feeling of loathing engendered by having something to eat offered to him once a day, is an extravagance beyond even the Bulwer limits. The young man in the pink tract was, however, so overcome by his sentiments that he went at once hundreds of miles away to a university town. Here he lived solely on coffee, having nobly freed himself from the disgusting nuisance of the maternal sandwiches; he used to sleep in a cloak for two hours by way of taking a night's rest; and he occupied a single room, "lined with shelves reaching from ceiling to floor." The consequence is that he had some gigantic success, though what it exactly was is not easy to gather. We are told that "he reached the goal," that the glories of celebrity dawned on him, that "the incense of popular homage was wafted to him," and that his prospects at the Bar were opening before him brilliantly. This is the mere Bulwerian hero shadowed off into vagueness from the writer not having the smallest notion of the kind of life he is attempting to describe. It must be remembered that the tract-writer is going to deduce a moral from all this. He is going to show the hollowness of the non-clerical professions and of worldly success. We are invited, not as in the works of most novelists, to admire a fancy picture, but to condemn things that actually exist. Now, that a person can bring himself to put together a string of incoherent reminiscences of popular novels, and argue against them as if they were good solid facts and fair statements and descriptions of every-day experience, would be ludicrous if it were not unfortunately so common. That it is

open to people to draw illogical inferences from gratuitous assumptions is a concession without which most writers of tracts would have to give up their business altogether. There are, of course, young persons who try under great disadvantages to acquire knowledge, and it is true that they often lead a feverish, restless life. It is not impossible that such a boy, if he were unusually silly, and had been long petted and spoilt, might really quit his home because his mother invited him to eat and drink. But it is when he has quitted his home and comes in contact with the world without, that he necessarily diverges from the course pursued by the hero in the pink tract. If the author means anything, he must mean that his hero succeeded in obtaining first educational, and then professional, success. This is the success we are asked to despise because it is worldly. But a man who has succeeded for many years, and in different ways, must have qualities incompatible with his judging the ordinary pursuits of rational men to be dross. He must have become acquainted with persons of intelligence and education. He must have observed life sufficiently to know that there are men of every kind and degree of excellence in every profession. Possibly he might at some moment of his life think that a clerical life would suit him better than a lay one, but he would be quite aware that this suitability would be entirely personal to himself.

After the hero had achieved all manner of triumphs, he one evening went off into a soliloquy addressed to his books, in which he informed them that they had been the tomb of his soul, and that the crown was scarcely wreathed when he felt it withering on his brow. What followed is represented in this way:—"He thought long and deeply. Then, approaching the table, with one sweep of his arm, the books with which it was covered were hurled to the farther end of the room. He laughed as they dashed one over the other, and fell in confusion on the ground—Give place, he said, to studies more worthy of an immortal." He then proceeds to take down the Bible and Paley's *Evidences*, and convinces himself of the truth of Christianity. What a singular notion this betrays of the intellectual position of a man who has "a crown wreathed on his brow," or, in plainer language, who, having done well at college, is beginning to make money at the bar. Paley's *Evidences* is a new book to him, and what is even more strange, it is a convincing book to him. The author probably recollected with complacency that he had himself read Paley's *Evidences*, and seemed to understand it, and he therefore thought it would do very well for his hero. A shopboy who was wavering in his faith might possibly find Paley at once new and convincing, but it is impossible that a man with any but a very tinsel crown should find it so. All the impression it is capable of making on him must have been made years before he got his ornament. The hero goes to a parsonage, and there is visited by a friend, who tells him that he is much surprised he has given up the bar. The hero replies that he has started on a different race, and hopes to win a worthier prize. The friend falls into the trap, and asks what prize, which gives an opening to the hero to reply—"A crown of glory, that fadeth not away." The remainder of the tract is of a nature so religious that we do not care to extract expressions which are in themselves solemn and full of meaning. But it is worth noticing that the hero is not suffered really to remain in a country parsonage. He has at last the right sort of earthly crown wreathed round his brow. He becomes a popular preacher in a town; and "in a crowded city church a voice is heard which aways that vast assembly as the trees of the wood are swayed by the wind." This is the last stage of *Excelsior*; and to have rivalled Spurgeon is represented as the topmost summit of the most heavenly ambition.

The material thing to consider about a tract of this sort is what class of persons does it address? The writer, who must be conscious that he is ignorant of the life he describes, can scarcely suppose that his description would be very interesting to those who are really acquainted with what he writes about. Those who would be inclined to put confidence in this sort of publication, would be persons somewhat in the position of the writer himself. They would derive their notions of elevated study from popular novels, and their conceptions of professional life from the descriptions of what is called "the world," which are given in the popular pulpit. It is obvious, therefore, that the choice does not really lie for them between a country parsonage and legal success. The intellectual success that is within their grasp could scarcely rise beyond a connexion, more or less permanent, with a local penny paper. From this feverish excitement they are exhorted to turn to the occupation of preaching. Nominally, they have, in the flowery language of tracts, to choose between "the Cross of Calvary" and the Chancellorship. Practically, they have to choose between Bethesda and the place of the favourite correspondent of the *Finsbury Trumpet*. There is a little bustle and fuss, and some importance in the eyes of a clique, to be derived from either vocation; but religion intervenes, and they choose the least apparently secular of the two. We do not mean to impugn the motives of the choice, or to suppose that those who give up the world in this way are self-seeking hypocrites. They have, we do not doubt, sincere religious convictions; and being told that one of these callings is worldly and the other not worldly, they honestly choose what they consider best for their eternal welfare. But when they have chosen it, they are taught by such tracts as *Excelsior* to suppose that they have only made the choice which ought to be made by every one in all

professions. They judge their superiors by this standard, and because they find well-meaning men pursue steadily the path of success in lay professions, they suppose that this implies that the "Cross of Calvary" has been rejected. They thus accustom themselves to enjoy a very cheap triumph over their betters, and when they hear of any one attaining a recognised eminence, they console themselves with thinking that his crown is a withering one, while theirs is amaranthine; and they thus gratify at once their democratical envy and their religious pride. At the bottom of tracts like *Excelsior*, lies the craving for superficial equality which is so characteristic of the class that is the lowest among those who wear black coats and read big books—the class best typified, perhaps, by those victims of educational philanthropists, the certificated schoolmasters. Against the advantages of thorough education, and of station and fortune, they play off, if they are of a religious turn, their private certainty of salvation. We cannot blame them much, and certainly should not ridicule or inveigh against individuals in whom the effects of a general way of thinking might be traceable. But there is a great mass of foolish literature that is designed, in different ways, to foster their fancies and perpetuate their delusions. Against this literature it is necessary to have at times an answer. No one can say in what form the spirit of democratical religion may rise before him. We believe that there is only one way in which opposition can be effectual. On the basis of a misrepresentation of secular facts is raised a religious superstructure. It is no use assailing the superstructure. No human ingenuity could persuade the sort of persons who write tracts to see that such expressions as the "Cross of Calvary," when used loosely and at random, are dangerous because they are ambiguous. But the secular facts can be contested. We can say, and perhaps could convince the author of *Excelsior*, that his description of intellectual success is not at all like anything that usually happens, and that it is perfectly false to the experience of actual life. If this were admitted, all would have been done that could have been done to make his tract as harmless as it is silly.

THE OXFORD EXAMINATION STATUTES.

JUST about the time when the Government Reform Bill was pulled to pieces in the House of Commons, a scheme not less questionable in its motives, or less clumsy in its conception, met with a like reception at Oxford. Both professed a liberality foreign to the character of their proposers, both were calculated to conciliate the small-borough interest, and both failed from the inherent difficulty of rallying a strong party round measures which represent neither principles nor convictions. Perhaps the fate of the University Bill was the more ignominious, in that it lived to see itself cut down from a grand charter of reactionary reform into a petty act for curtailing the standing required for an ordinary degree. If this were likely to prove the end of the movement in question, we should have been contented with so appropriate an euthanasia, and should not have recalled our readers' attention to the details of academical politics. But the circumstances attending the promulgation of the statute by the Hebdomadal Council, the known sentiments of many influential persons in the University, and the line adopted in some of the thirty speeches delivered in Congregation, justify our attaching great importance to the present attitude of Oxford. "A strong wish," we are told in the *Times*' report of the debate, "was expressed on the part of several speakers to abolish moderation honours, and restore the old Oxford class-system." In this ominous sentence is conveyed to the initiated the intimation of a tendency to undo most of the salutary changes which have been made within the last ten years, and to restore a yoke "which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." Unless we are misinformed, the introduction of this silly and ill-considered project, framed almost avowedly in the interest of the more lax and less efficient Colleges, bids fair to have a sufficiently mischievous result, though it has missed of its own special aim. It may—and, unless stoutly resisted, will—lead to the re-establishment of the "Old System" in all its nakedness (a step already in contemplation), and possibly to the triumph of that mixture of self-interest and timidity which would cramp the range and lower the standard of University education. It becomes interesting therefore to examine the present position of the question.

It should be remembered that the change embodied in the Examination Statute of 1850, but not called into full operation till 1852, was always paraded as a great feat of spontaneous improvement. Often has the caviller been silenced by a reference to this as a proof that the University is wiser and not less progressive, than the promoters of the Commission. And it is this which the same University is now invited to stultify itself by abandoning. What, then, has been the actual working of "the New System"? First, it has induced a large class of idle students to read for honours, by opening new schools in modern history and physical science, and providing scholarships with a distinctive honour of its own—an honour only too easy of attainment. The subject of modern history, in particular, has elicited a very large amount of new energy, previously unproductive. Next, it has made it impossible to waste all but a few months of the University career, by establishing an examination intermediate between the Little-go and the Great-go, and making something besides mere Latin and Greek a necessary qualification for a degree. Lastly, it has

relieved the "Literæ Humaniores" schools from the encumbrance of "poets" and verse composition, and transferred the preponderance in its honours from "scholarship" to ancient history and philosophy. With all its practical defects—and they are many—this curriculum has given a great and lasting impulse, not only to studies previously neglected, but to a more liberal and philosophical method of pursuing those already in vogue. More books are read, each is better read, and the readers are more numerous than before. Proficiency in one branch of knowledge is no longer indispensable to the attainment of high honours in another, and mediocrity in three subjects is no longer preferred to excellence in two. The flaws in the system were just such as slight modifications might remove, and such as the scheme lately submitted to Congregation would have aggravated. For instance, what may be called the supplementary schools—mathematics, physical science, modern history, and law—were too few in number, and constituted with little reference to practical professions. If philology had been added to the list, the great department of physical science subdivided, history, ancient and modern, consolidated into a separate school, and law—that is, the science, and not the art of law—made similarly independent, much would have been gained. Other schools might have been erected by degrees, and perhaps the day may come when even theology may be studied systematically without danger to the Church. But the Hebdomadal Council took the very opposite course. They respected religiously the present quaternon of class-schools, while they strove to reimpose on the pass-man the invidious necessity of keeping up an infinitesimal quantity of classics till his very last term. Again, it has been found by experience that the rudimentary examination, called "Responsions" by the gods, but "Little-go," or worse, by men, is quite sufficient to fritter away in pretended preparation one or two terms, while the knowledge actually required to pass it is inconceivably small. Unless the University is to do the work of under-masters at grammar schools, it seems reasonable to push this examination back into the first week of residence, and to throw upon places of elementary education the responsibility of sending up their pupils adequately prepared. But this would not suit the views of those colleges whose means of attracting students consist, not in the excellence of their lectures, but in the laxity of their entrance-examinations, and which do not scruple to admit the most incompetent, on condition that they engage private tutors to cram them up to the minimum of the pass-examinations. Accordingly, the period for passing "Responsions" is only so far altered as to admit of the whole University career being shortened—an object innocent in itself, though prompted in this case by considerations to which we shall have occasion presently to allude. Indeed, the whole spirit of this precious draught of a statute is to dock and pare away everything in Oxford education which could offend the sensibilities of those who have spent ten or twelve years in the exclusive study of the two ancient languages without having learnt to translate Homer or Cicero with any degree of accuracy, or to turn a page of the *Spectator* into Latin without several glaring blunders. We commend the following clause to all who doubt the tenderness and sympathy of the modern Alma Mater—"Hoc semper animo infixum habeant Magistri Scholarum, Moderatores, Examinatores publici, nos nihil triste aut asperum moliri. Lenitati ubique consultum volumus, modo ne sit ea quæ juniorum socordie patrocinari videatur."

This, then, is the issue offered to the tutorial body at Oxford—not whether they shall stand still or go on, but whether they shall stand still or go back. It is well for the dignity of that University that Sydney Smith is no longer alive. What play he would have made with this examination statute! How he would have seized on the passages, "It is intended that Aristotle's *Rhetoric* should (*sic*) be considered as philosophy," and, "Words are introduced to encourage the study of *Rhetoric*,"—passages indicating, we fear, no indulgence for the boisterous but healthy exertions of the Union, but rather a donnish hankering after the barren technicalities of the first and third books of Aristotle's treatise. Nor would he have failed to notice the provision which excused from their last examination all those who should pass the school of *Literæ Humaniores* between the present time and next Michaelmas—a provision indicating a degree of indecent haste more suggestive of a sudden panic than of grave deliberation.

For once it is impossible to reduce the controversy to the *vezata quæstio* of "education" and "instruction"—a manœuvre which the advocates of scholasticism have learned to employ, very much as practised theologians strive to shut up every difficulty into the "origin of evil." There are really no disputed principles at stake. The fact is, that the stock questions respecting education which exercised the minds of our fathers have ceased to inspire active antagonism. We all agree that the University should not condescend to be a merely utilitarian agency, sacrificing the elevation and discipline of the mind to the exigencies of lucrative professions; yet few of us believe that studies, in order to be liberal, must necessarily be useless or repulsive. We all concede that the old classical system, with its traditional symbols, the birch-rod and the Latin Grammar, contained in some occult way highly valuable ingredients, and assisted to rear many a stout-hearted young Englishman into a vigorous condition of intellect and will. But most men would admit that its boasted results were in great part due to its being the cherished

system of our great public schools—those nurseries of energy and high spirit which contain an inexhaustible antidote against pedantry and narrowness of heart. It is now a truism to assert that whatever is capable of occupying the whole mind of the student—be it the matter or the style of authors, whether it educate his judgment, his imagination, or his taste—must contain no small part of that unknown substance which is the vital nutriment of the understanding. Nevertheless, we may question if the forms of expression, whether as subjects for analysis or imitation, the process of interpreting, or the process of composing, should be permitted to engross the development of masculine and aspiring minds. A little experience soon dissipates the fallacy that ordinary youths are conscious of special talents or dominant tastes, or, as a general rule, hate their Latin and Greek for any higher reason than that it is their prescribed task, and costs a painful effort to master. Still a pretty unanimous sentiment is growing up, that it is unwise to superadd to the corruption of nature difficulties purely artificial by rejecting the powerful stimulus offered by the prospect of success in life, refusing to recognise any variety of interests, and confining the mental growth of all indiscriminately within that rigid framework which may strengthen some, but which dwarfs and stunts the development of many others.

To do the Hebdomadal Council justice, their handiwork is coloured by none of these theories. It was not designed to solve the problem of general and special education, to encourage devotion to a single subject, or to raise the general average of industry. Its aim, so far as can be gathered from the papers circulated among members of Congregation, and from the speech of the Vice-Chancellor, was singularly simple and practical. It was to *outbid Cambridge*—not by offering a superior education, but by lowering the price which, in the shape of time and labour, must be paid for a degree. The generous rivalry between the two Universities threatens literally to be degraded into a vulgar touting for custom. And this, too, when Oxford is lavishing its titles of honour on the country, and loftily establishing a private bureau of Public Instruction. We know that splendid hospitalities and ostentatious charity may consist with meanness of domestic economy and liveries purchased of Moses and Son. But we trust the University may never be betrayed into seeking popularity by means which would cost her the respect of the worthiest of her sons, and would certainly not contribute to her permanent influence. The changes she has already made have been in the right direction, and have been appreciated by the public. The spell of the old final schools, with their spurious completeness, and their sacred triad of "scholarship, history, and science," so imposing to the imagination, is finally broken. People are learning to respect University distinctions as marks of definite attainments, and to look with hope for a further extension of educational toleration. The examinations for fellowships, and the opinion of undergraduates—the two great influences which co-operate with "the schools" in giving tone to the studies of the place—have already fallen in with the new system. If moderations were better organized, both as to their subjects and as to the distribution of honours, and if the rag of scholarship still adhering to the final schools were detached from them, we really believe a large majority of those engaged in education, both tutors and students, would accept it as a satisfactory solution of such difficulties as for the present need to be solved. Alterations of this kind would only be opposed in those very quarters from which the proposals we deprecate have emanated, and in which the mediæval quadrivium would probably be received with approval, if indeed it did not appear to encourage a dangerous latitude of study. We can hardly help suspecting that this cumbrous measure has been introduced, like the cart in the old Scotch *ruse de guerre*, to keep the gates from closing till the assailants can rush in and reoccupy their ancient stronghold. At all events, it is well that those who are interested in Oxford education should know the nature of the contest. We trust that public spirit, now the rarest of political virtues, is not so extinct in the University as to render the success of such a manœuvre probable.

THE BALLOT.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL would leave "to the growth and maturity of public opinion" the decision of the controversy between open and secret voting. We understand by this that Lord John Russell holds himself prepared to undergo conviction upon this subject whenever the supporters of the Ballot in the House of Commons shall approximate to a majority of votes. It is a melancholy condition of the political prospects of this empire that public opinion should be grown and matured by Mr. H. Berkeley and Sir John Shelley, while Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham wait passively to be governed by the result. If it be true, as stated by Sir James Graham in his recent speech, that in the borough of Carlisle and throughout the country the demand for the Ballot has made greater advances than any other political question—and if the speaker really feels the strong persuasion which he professes of the mischief which would arise from granting it—we trust that the hustings of Carlisle may witness a manly effort to check, while there is yet time, the progress of this most unfortunate delusion. We hope we shall have no confession that a "modification of opinion" upon this subject, as well as some other things of which we have heard lately, belongs equally to Sir James Graham and to Lord

John Russell. Let us not be forced to listen again to the results of "further reflection and experience." Tell us not that "I used to argue" what now seems capable of refutation. A statesman may say, as Sir Robert Peel was once compelled to do, that the only choice lay between a surrender of his own opinion and a revolution, and a nation which, by his decision, has enjoyed unbroken peace, may gratefully confess its wisdom. Again, an adventurer in politics may determine to adopt an opinion, and to turn to his own purposes the efforts of those who hold it, and if he does not pretend to have experienced a genuine conversion, we are quite willing to allow him to play the game of politics in accordance with so many of the rules of morality as it acknowledges, and with no more. We should joyfully recognise statesmanship if we could find it, and we think we know selfishness when we see it. Both these qualities have, or once had, their places in our political system, and we should no more object, in its proper place, to the second than to the first. But for ambition under the disguise of patriotism there is really no place at all. "Modifications of opinion" on the eve of a general election can impose only on those persons, whoever they may be, for whose information Sir B. Hall and other active politicians are in the habit of stating that an overwhelming sense of public duty compels them to become accusers of the Government to which they are opposed. If Sir James Graham honestly thinks that he cannot fight this battle any longer, let him say so plainly, and surrender. Or if he is disposed to abandon his own conviction for the sake of leading a numerous party, let him confess that, and we shall know what to think of him. But the character of public men will indeed have fallen almost beyond recovery if the electors of Carlisle should be invited to listen to the dictates of "further reflection and experience," as favourable to the adoption of vote by Ballot. Do the times when men could come boldly forward and say what they are for and what they are against exist only as historical embellishments of the speeches of Lord John Russell? Will not a veteran statesman dare to do what he thinks right, even at the risk of finding himself in a minority at the Carlisle election? We hear something too much at times of the cause for which Hampden and Sidney died, and it is not always easy to persuade oneself that it is identically the same cause as that of making Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham Ministers. But if the cause be identical, the spirit which contends for it is very different. We do not, in these tranquil days, ask political leaders for their lives; and this is well, for even a small risk of temporary popularity appears to be thought too great a sacrifice.

The electors of the City of London have been told, in effect, that Mr. H. Berkeley and Sir J. Shelley enjoy a patent for manufacturing public opinion for the whole nation. This valuable monopoly is not unnaturally viewed with jealousy, and we are not surprised to see Mr. James Wyld making a vigorous effort to thrust himself into a share of it. We give the advocates of the Ballot the benefit, if there be any, of the supposition that the firm which supplies political convictions for the British people is not "Berkeley and Shelley," but "Berkeley, Shelley, and Wyld." The process adopted appears to be as follows:—Bribery, treating, and intimidation, everybody will admit, are grievous evils. For our own part, we have already so strong a sense of the mischief done by them, that we do not think it could be increased even if Mr. James Wyld were to be allowed to address the House of Commons without interruption upon this topic. It is further a most undeniable truth that the evils above enumerated are likely to be most extensively developed throughout the country during the next three weeks. So far there is such a general and hearty concurrence in the propositions advanced by these patentees, that the further assumption which they make that "the Ballot will cure these evils, and therefore the Ballot should be adopted," may be, and often is, shuffled through a debate without inquiry. This is, we believe, the plan of nearly all the Ballot speeches. Undue influence, especially that of the aristocracy, is denounced as an evil, which nobody can deny it is; and then the ballot is demanded as the remedy, which nobody is permitted to deny it would prove to be. If you question the efficacy of the Ballot, you are denounced as an upholder of aristocratic tyranny. The truth is, that the evil and the supposed remedy have no connexion except in the imagination of Mr. H. Berkeley. It is a mark of the shallow school to which that gentleman belongs to think that such diseases as bribery and improper influence can be extirpated by Acts of Parliament. Corruption will cease at elections when it has been thoroughly purged from the heart of man, and not before. Public opinion may be matured by the teaching of Mr. Berkeley until it is ripe enough for Lord John Russell to undertake, without risking his popularity, to embody its dictates in legislation; but it will be found that corruption and intimidation can only be checked by the growth of another sort of public opinion, which Mr. Berkeley and his allies have no special authority for cultivating. The influence of landlords cannot be destroyed except by the destruction of their rights of property. But landlords can be taught, and we believe have long been learning, that it is a solemn duty not to abuse this influence. When voters of every class feel a higher sense of the responsibility which the law has placed upon them, elections will become more pure. The Ballot is resisted because its effect would be to lessen this feeling of obligation, and to deprive conscience of the aid which it now receives in time of trial from publicity.

We believe that we have fairly stated whatever in Mr. Berkeley's recent speech can, by any stretch of courtesy, be called

argument. But when he tells us that 50,000*l.* is now being spent daily, and a great part of it in keeping open public-houses, and that the Ballot would prevent that, he really ceases to deserve any serious answer. If a constituency requires of its candidates that they shall disburse a certain sum in gratifying the appetites of the population, the enactment of the Ballot will have no more influence upon such a state of things than the abolition of Church-rates or of the Maynooth grant. The electors and non-electors in various boroughs have grown up in a vicious habit of expecting on these occasions to enjoy in some form or other certain indulgences, and unless they get them, elections, whether by ballot or open voting, will end in the disappointment of pure and parsimonious candidates. We feel as strongly as any one the enormity of this evil, but our sense of it does not blind us to the delusive character of the pretended remedy.

But the advocates of the Ballot count among their leaders no less a personage than the Attorney-General of the last Government. The platitudes of Mr. Berkeley were reinforced in the late debate by the legal learning and acuteness of Sir Richard Bethell. He can supply quotations singularly void of distinct meaning from ancient statutes, and can also clear away the popular delusions by which the merits of the Ballot have been obscured. Sir Robert Peel, it seems, was the author of the fallacy that the franchise is a trust which ought to be exercised openly. We should have thought, until Sir R. Bethell taught us otherwise, that this was a short and clear statement of a most important and unquestionable political truth. But if we had been as familiar as our instructor with the doctrines of the Court of Chancery, we should have known that the franchise cannot be a trust, because no tribunal exists to enforce its exercise for the benefit of those for whom the voters hold it. Sir Richard Bethell actually considers that he has disproved the existence of a duty when he has shown that there is no court of law to compel the performance of it. And this small technical argument, added to Mr. Berkeley's statement that there is a great deal of corruption and intimidation at elections, and that the Ballot would put an end to it—this, and some vituperation of the aristocracy, are all the elements of that "public opinion" whose growth Lord John Russell is content to watch until it shall become worth his while to constitute himself its spokesman and to appropriate it to his own purposes. It is well that the prosperity of this country does not wholly depend upon the wisdom and honesty of its rulers. The present Government have impressed upon our minds this lesson, and it will be the best consolation they can leave behind them if ever they should be displaced to make room for a Cabinet constructed by Lord John Russell.

THE ART OF DINING.

THERE is not the least occasion to be apologetic for elevating cookery into a science. It is, in point of fact, a mere branch of economical chemistry, and the usual excuses which are made for treating the cook's art seriously are out of place. Indeed, one of the chief causes for the dislike which serious people feel to treatises on the subject is the tone of irony, *persiflage*, and elaborate condescension in which they are written. If those who undertake to treat it would be at the trouble of writing simply on a simple subject, and on simple intelligible principles, they would attract and influence a larger audience. Whatever contributes to economizing food—whatever makes God's gifts go farther—whatever enables the poor man to get the greatest amount of nourishment out of his food at the least cost—whatever enables every eater to get his food not only at the least detriment to the vital powers but with the healthiest exercise of the organs and functions of digestion—is worthy of the consideration of the moralist and economist. Men must live—they cannot live without eating—they cannot eat healthily without cooking. In this sense, cookery is not only an art but a master art. Like gymnastics, cookery ought to enter into the quadrivium of education. Our main objection to Mr. Leonard Simpson's very agreeable volume, the *Handbook of Dining*, founded on Brillat Savarin's *Physiologie du Gout*, is that it is not serious enough. The thing ought not to be treated with an eternal flow of *badinage*.

One of the objections urged by the severe school of moralists against Arts of Cookery is, that the advice addresses itself to voluptuaries; and in some quarters it is argued that it is the sign of a noble and generous mind utterly to disregard what are called the pleasures of the table. The model man is he whose sublime indifference to carnal comforts is displayed by being utterly ignorant of what he had yesterday for dinner; and it is reckoned a degree in spiritual attainment to know no difference between raw boiled mutton and the choicest dishes of Philippe. Now, it is a simple fact, that human nature is so constituted that there is a certain physical and animal pleasure attached to the mere process of eating. Not only is hunger providentially intended to compel men to eat, but pleasure of some sort is part of the physiological nature of eating. It is so in other things. A certain amount of natural pleasure is made part of the animal functions in order to force human nature to obey its natural instincts. And there is just the same moral law which induces the wise and religious man to regulate his pleasures and keep them in check in one case as in the other. In other words, nobody need be ashamed of liking a good dinner—he is constituted by the Author of human nature to like it. It depends upon himself

whether he is run away with by his passions; but he is not to consider his passions a disgrace or a weakness. And it is on this account that we object to the jesting which is always considered *de règle* when writing about cookery. The subject wants elevating in its moral as well as its literary aspect. Brillat Savarin, to do him justice, has perceived this necessity; but whether it is owing to the levity of his race or to his own individual tendencies, he feels it to be his duty to condescend to the popular taste, and the result is that his book will be accepted rather in its gossiping aspect than for its scientific completeness.

The great Frenchman rather spoils his case by attaching the term *gourmandise* to an appreciation of cookery—a mistake when he had defined the perfection of one of the five senses, that of taste, as a *proprium* of man. In fact, high cookery is only the result of high civilisation. It follows education, just as does a knowledge of what are called the fine arts; and it may be debased to the purposes of the voluptuary, just as painting and music may be. But in its proper development it is inseparable from the educated mind. In all high stages of mental cultivation, cookery follows the other refinements of the mind. An educated man, in a refined state of society, can no more establish the completeness of his character if he affects to be indifferent to or contemptuous of gastronomy, than he can by proclaiming his indifference to any other fine art. When we have arrived at a certain social pitch, a woman cannot be indifferent to dress, because it is the form in which the sense of beauty, the appreciation of colour, and the adaptation of ornament presents itself to her in the daily course of life; and it is the same with cookery. The proprieties of the table are the domestic aspect under which elegance, skill and fittingness naturally present themselves; and when one meets with an educated man who professes himself to be utterly careless of what he eats or drinks, we may set him down either as a hypocrite who thinks it fine to counterfeit the ascetic, or as actually being uneducated. Or, if he lacks the faculty of appreciating cookery, he is no subject to argue upon. He is out of the pale of humanity in its highest development. Something like this was probably at the bottom of Johnson's famous saying, that a man who did not care for his dinner would care for nothing else.

No doubt there are possible and actual excesses in this as in other habits. Nobody ought to live for eating, and the faculty may be cultivated to a morbid development. If the story told by Brillat Savarin, that there was not only an individual, but a class, who could distinguish by the flavour upon which leg a partridge roasts is true, this is perhaps only an exaggeration of the preference which everybody feels for the woodcock's thigh—a taste which is but the expression of a physiological fact. Exercise tends to increase sinew and muscle; the partridge walks a good deal, the woodcock is usually on the wing; hence the toughness of the leg of the one contrasted with the mellow succulence of the other. But there is no occasion to educate the palate up to this mark, though we hold it to have been no moral defect in the Roman oyster-eater to have distinguished the Richborough oyster, or in the rival wine tasters in *Don Quixote* to have distinguished the twang of goat's leather or the suspicion of old iron in a cask of wine, or in a Londoner to identify an above-bridge or below-bridge flounder. Oh! but says the moralist, how humiliating for an immortal soul to waste its powers on this fine discrimination and this education of the gustatory organs—an objection which, if good for anything, as far as the principle goes, lies equally against those who can distinguish Murillo's three manners. No doubt one of the reasons which have impeded the rational study of Cookery is the stupid exaggeration of its writers—the most egregious being that of Brillat Savarin, that the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet, the antithesis of which oft-quoted aphorism certainly does not excuse the ambiguity of the principal term.

Another reason for the unpopularity of Cookery Books is the abominable quackery in which they are written. One of the really best Cookery Books extant is Johnstone's *Chemistry of Common Life*; one of the worst would be one written by the mystagogue who delivered the doctrine of the four fundamental sauces. Not that he was wrong in his classification, but that he delivered a very elementary fact in transcendental language for the mere sake of mystifying the multitude. All that a real Handbook of Dining ought to contain is a plain exposition of the qualities and properties of food—what cooking, as a simple branch of chemistry, professes to do, and must do, to fulfil its purpose—and what is the complementary nature of sauces and accompaniments. These things cookery has hitherto treated only empirically—and empiricism, sooner or later, generally arrives at the truth—but a real *Art of Cookery* would show upon what chemical laws these combinations are based. It is not only pleasant and tasteful to eat melted butter with fish and roasted veal, but we ought to eat it, because the fatty matter of the one is complementary to the stringy, unnutritious quality of the other. Pepper is something deeper and truer than an accidental accompaniment of vegetables—it corrects the tendency to putrefaction. Garlic is not so much a national taste as a climatic necessity in certain latitudes; and Mr. Simpson's *Handbook* contains many most useful hints on these principles of cookery.

We are by no means dissatisfied with the attention which has of late been attracted to this subject; for it falls under the general maxim that whatever is worth doing is worth doing

well. And by "well," we mean fulfilling its own purpose. There is no occasion that every day's dinner, or the occasional dinner party, should be more expensive than it is. But there is every reason why good cooking should be the rule in every household—first, because it is the most really economical; and next, because it avoids ostentation and pretension. It seems now to be agreed that classes should have representative dinners; and all along this would have been the case, because it is the natural expression of the law of good sense and good taste, if the foolish fiction had not prevailed that the love of good cheer was in itself immoral or beneath the attention of men of sense and right feeling. We might hesitate to indorse the whole of Mr. Simpson's production, the *Handbook of Dining*, nor have we compared it with Brillat Savarin's original work on which it is founded; but it is very agreeably compiled, is pleasant reading, and, if studied under the limitations and with those higher considerations which we have indicated, is sure to be very useful.

BRITISH INSTITUTION AND PORTLAND GALLERY.

AMONG the modern paintings exhibited this year at the British Institution, the most ambitious, and, upon the whole, the best, seems to be No. 66, by J. Gilbert. The subject, indeed, is ill chosen. It may be doubted whether an artist is ever wise to take a scene from Shakspeare. There are some remarks upon this question in a letter from Sir G. Beaumont to Wilkie, published in Cunningham's *Life of the latter*, which appear to be very just. "I think," he observes, "we are pretty well agreed upon the point that the painter had better be the author of his own subject; for if the poet from whom he takes his ideas be a moderate one, he had certainly better trust to himself; and if he be excellent, the mind of the spectator is prejudiced. This I take to be the main cause of the pretty general failure of those who paint from Shakspeare, who impresses so striking a picture previously upon his reader, that it is a hundred to one the picture, however excellent, may fail of its effect. It is indeed almost impossible to contend successfully with a strong previous impression." This is very true. Mr. Gilbert has, however, made a double mistake. He has not only taken his subject from Shakspeare—thereby braving the disadvantageous prejudice of which Sir G. Beaumont speaks—but he has selected a scene which is singularly unfit for illustration. Instead of choosing an incident like that of the Prince and his companions rifling Falstaff's pockets, he has selected a passage the merit of which lies entirely in the witty dialogue; and his mistake is, in this respect, much the same as that which a landscape-painter would commit if he were to introduce a tree because a thrush happened to be singing in it, or a church-tower because the bells were ringing. All that is repulsive in Falstaff—his look of gluttony and coarseness—a painter can give; all that is attractive, his wit and humour, he cannot give. It is not, therefore, surprising that, considered as an illustration of Shakspeare, Mr. Gilbert's picture fails. The subject of it is Falstaff inspecting the recruits provided for him by Justice Shallow, and this, as we have said, is one which no painter can adequately render. Mr. Gilbert, however, appears to have scarcely done what did lie in his power. Instead of depicting Justice Shallow with the look of smirking conceit which his character in the play seems to demand, he has, for some reason, invested him with a kind of insane stare; and he has made this more conspicuous by repeating the same countenance, with the same stare, in the face of the man under examination, who, as we infer from the pair of scissors which hangs at his girdle, is meant for Feeble, the woman's tailor. Whether this was intentional or not, we do not know, but it certainly is a defect. If we could forget Shakspeare, we might in most other respects commend the execution. Sufficient care, however, has hardly been observed in the treatment of light and shade. In the greater part of the picture, the light is diffused and shadowless, such as one sees out of doors on a cloudy day. In other parts, it is very much more intense, the high lights on the yellow cap of the boy who sits at Falstaff's feet, and on the red cap of the man who stands before him, being such as are only possible in sunshine. In historical and epic compositions such minutiae may command little attention, but in performances like the one before us it is essential that a natural and truthful air should be obtained; and this can never be done unless the most scrupulous care is taken to give equality to the light and shadow in the different parts, excepting of course in those cases where some plausible reason suggests itself for the variation.

"Richmond, Yorkshire" (151), by E. J. Niemann, may please for a moment by its rich and glossy colouring, but is deficient in the more important quality of fidelity to nature. The view is one of those perfect compositions which delight the eye of an artist. Nothing can be desired for a landscape better than its reaches of distant undulating country, contrasting with the vertical lines of the cliff and tower as they rise over the bed of the river. No painter could altogether spoil it. Nor, indeed, would it be fair to say that the parts of Mr. Niemann's picture, if we could take them separately, would be faulty. It is only looked at as a whole that it is seen to be at variance with truth. His chief error may be summed up in very few words. He has covered his landscape with cloud-shadows, and coupled it with a spotless blue sky. It might, indeed, be rash to affirm that such a combination could never by any possibility occur in nature.

But, without saying so much as this, we may safely assert that it is to the last degree improbable. Supposing even that, by a curious chance, it were to happen that when an artist was drawing from nature, the strip of sky immediately before him were for a few seconds to be quite free from clouds, while they were scattered about in every other direction, this would be no justification for so representing it in his picture. It would obviously be an exceptional and not the normal condition; and he has no right to tax the faith of the spectator by presenting him with exceptional and improbable effects, when he can just as easily give him ordinary ones. To introduce into a painting the very clouds which cast their shadow on the landscape is, indeed, impossible, except, perhaps, where the spectator is supposed to be facing the rising or setting sun. But for this there is no need. All that is required is that, by the introduction of clouds into that portion of the sky which is represented, a plausible reason should be suggested for the shadows which appear on the landscape, and an air of probability thus be given to the whole. In the present instance, the sky is not only unsuited to the rest of the picture, but is to a certain degree incorrect in itself. A pure blue sky in nature always becomes fainter as it approaches the horizon, whereas here, through at least half its extent, it is given with unvarying intensity from the horizon upwards. There is, however, a further inaccuracy to be noted in atmospheric effect. The general character of the scene is that of a bright sunny day with a perfectly clear atmosphere—this being of course quite compatible with, and in fact the common accompaniment of, a sky with such broken masses of cloud as are presumed. If, therefore, this character were consistently carried out, there would be nothing deserving criticism in this respect. A very superficial glance, however, shows that there is an inconsistency. The bridge, and the ravine down which the river flows, are enveloped in a soft haze completely at variance with the clear medium through which the other parts of the landscape are seen. It may, indeed, be said that it is not uncommon for a mist to appear upon the bed of a stream while the air is clear elsewhere; and to a certain extent this is true. We are, nevertheless, much mistaken if such a conjunction as is here supposed can ever really occur. The phenomenon commonly, though inaccurately, described as the mist rising from the river, is marked by two peculiarities, neither of which are recognised in the present instance. In the first place, it is never seen until the sun has actually, or all but, set; and, in the second place, it presents a definite cloudlike appearance, very different from the soft hazy-looking atmosphere in which Mr. Niemann has wrapped his bridge and river. Nothing can be more pleasing than such effects when properly employed, but they should not be capriciously introduced into landscapes of which the general tone indicates a bright transparent air. Mr. G. Stanfield's "Richmond" (138) is free from such errors as these, and presents, with its quiet and harmonious colouring, a pleasing contrast to the unnatural glitter which disfigures too many of the works in the room. It errs, in fact, in the opposite direction. The greens want variety, the clouds lack form and substance, and above all the lights and shadows are deficient in intensity. One doubts at first whether the sun is supposed to be shining or not. In nature there can hardly ever be doubt on this point. There is indeed every kind of gradation in sun-light, from the dazzling glare of July in Italy to the faint beams of November in Scotland, and from the colourless light of mid-day to the crimson light of sunset; but there very rarely can be any doubt as to whether the sun is really shining or not. In fact, there never can be any when the time of day and the sky are such as Mr. Stanfield's picture represents; for the vertical character of the shadows, and the pure white light on the clouds, prove that it is meant for the middle of the day, and the sky is one of those pure blue skies, with scattered masses of cumulous clouds, of which a clear decisive light is an invariable accompaniment. The inadequate colouring of the landscape necessitates an inadequate rendering of the sky; and the clouds, accordingly, instead of possessing that definite and substantial look which such clouds should possess, are pasty and shapeless, while the blue wants depth and force. The colouring of "Caub on the Rhine" (558), by the same artist, is more vigorous and satisfactory, but there is a curious oversight in the drawing. The principal features of the composition are two towers—one in the foreground, and the other, a smaller one, on a hill in the background. A corner of each of these towers is turned towards the spectator, so that he has a diagonal view of two sides of each of them. It is clear therefore that assuming, as we apparently may, each tower to be rectangular, the lines which form the tops of the right-hand sides should converge to some common vanishing-point on the right hand, and those which form the tops of the left-hand sides to some common vanishing-point on the left hand. The fact is, however, that instead of converging, they do actually diverge, the perspective being such as would be about correct if the towers were to change places. It would seem at first sight as if the buildings which appear on the top of the hill in the background had been drawn from one point of view, and the buildings in the foreground from a different and lower point, and that it had been forgotten afterwards to adapt the perspective to some common hypothetical line of sight; but there are several inaccuracies in the drawing of the former taken alone, so that we must presume Mr. Stanfield to have altogether forgotten the question of perspective in his outline. Mr. Ruskin, it is true, has said that perspective is a matter of very little importance, but from this

doctrine we must venture to dissent. As we have found fault with Mr. Stanfield's performances, it is proper to repeat that they are by far the best in the Exhibition.

From the *cana dubia* of bad paintings it would be difficult to select the worst for special animadversion; but there are two classes of landscape in which the British Institution is particularly fruitful, and which, in their extreme examples, are equally objectionable. In one of these we have an inflamed and exaggerated sunset, with a range of distant hills, and in the foreground a piece of water with some tall reed-like plants, of, we believe, for the most part, a nondescript nature. In addition to this, the sky should contain a star or a crescent moon, or both; and it is usual to introduce some kind of bird—generally a heron standing on one leg—though in this latter respect considerable latitude is allowed. The other kind of landscape, which seems to be based upon Turner's later manner, is as much characterized by its excessive roughness as the one which we have described is by its smoothness—the sky, particularly, in the Turneresque school being made to resemble a rough-cast wall, dyed different colours.

In the Portland Gallery, 316, Regent-street, the landscapes are very much more numerous than the figures, and there does not appear to be in either kind any one work which decidedly surpasses the rest. No. 60, "The Mountain's Top," by B. W. Leader, is a kind of landscape which owes its existence to photography. It is, at any rate, one of those scenes in which that art is most successful, and which till within the last few years we believe a painter would never have thought of selecting. It consists of nothing but a quiet green hill-side with scattered grey rocks. These latter are given with so much sharpness and apparent truth that in all probability they have been copied from a photograph. It is for such purposes that photography renders the most valuable assistance to the art of painting. Conventional, shapeless stones, and mountains whose sides form impossible angles, too often disfigure the works of even living artists. There is, however, no longer an excuse for such defects. Photography can never produce a picture; but it can give perfectly accurate models which the artist may study at his convenience. "Evening, North Wales" (114), by G. A. Williams, is one of the sunset compositions now so much in vogue, and, like too many of them, shows an extreme inattention to natural laws. How is it possible for the hills to reflect a glowing red light while the clouds at their back remain colourless? The clouds are at a greater elevation than the hill, and if the rays of the sun can reach the latter, they must also reach the former. There is some merit in the "Farm at Great Warley, Essex," by J. E. Meadows, but the light is deficient in vigour and truthfulness. Sunshine is reflected in two very different ways. Up to a certain point, it has a tendency to increase brilliancy of colouring; and, as a general rule, there can be no doubt that a country under a bright sun is more gaudily coloured than under a cloudy sky. There is, however, a point when the intensity of the ray seems to be too great to admit of its being analysed by the reflecting surface; and we get accordingly an increase of light at the expense of colour, the latter approaching more or less to white according to the greater or less intensity of the light. In representing the effect of sunshine upon grass and foliage, it is very necessary to attend to this double result, for it almost invariably happens that both these tendencies are there exemplified. On the one hand, we have the ordinary result of an increase of light in an intensification of the greens; and, on the other hand, we have a number of points which very nearly approach to white. Whenever the foliage upon which the light falls is at all distant, it is of course impossible to distinguish between the minute portions thus differently affected, and the painter must be content to strike a balance and give the general result, for this balanced result is in fact all that he can really see in such cases. When, however, the foliage in question is in the foreground, it is very necessary that the sunlit portions should contrast with the shadowed parts—first, by their greater purity of colour, and, secondly, by their sparkling appearance. In the painting before us this is altogether lost sight of, and the patches of grass, which it is to be presumed were meant to give the effect of sunshine, look as if some bleaching liquid had been spilt over them. "Wabash on the Moselle" (535), by Mrs. W. Oliver, is a very pleasing little landscape, the foreground especially being spirited and natural. The distance is, however, rather too blue and yellow, and the blue of the sky inclines too much to purple.

FIVE ACTS IN VERSE.

IN the course of last week, a very bad play, in blank verse, entitled *Francesca, a Dream of Venice*, was brought out at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Edmund Falconer, the manager of the house, was likewise the author of the piece, and the occasion of a benefit gave him a sort of additional right to inflict his crudity upon the public. The story was so utterly obscure and uninteresting, that the critics of the daily papers, in which theatrical proceedings are recorded with far greater regularity than the *memorabilia* of the courts of law, either abstained from noticing the play altogether, or openly avowed their inability to describe its purport or its structure. Some simply said nothing—some said that they said nothing. Into these two categories might the London critics be divided.

We, who instinctively shudder at the notion of detailing the

plot even of a legitimately successful play, are not going to abandon our usual course for the sake of a work that, notwithstanding its verse, and notwithstanding its five acts, is infinitely less important than the most trivial farce produced at the little Strand Theatre. In a drama brought out at the Lyceum some three years since, Mr. Falconer evinced a knowledge of stage effect; and in the piece called *Extremes*, which made some noise last autumn, he displayed no small proficiency in the art of wielding that sort of democratic claptrap which finds favour within the walls of a theatre, and nowhere else. He has proved himself, at any rate, a practical man; and *Francesca* is so evidently the work of one who is not at all practical, that we are ready to believe that Mr. Falconer, finding himself in the autocratic position of a manager who takes a benefit, chose of his good will and pleasure to unearth some long-buried production of his youth; and we are also willing to hope that the result of the experiment will hinder him from making another of the same sort.

Insignificant in itself, Mr. Falconer's play is the exact exponent of a theory that prevails among a large number of men engaged in literary pursuits, who, if a theatre fell into their hands, would all of them, without hesitation or scruple, thrust their "dreams" into public notice, and fancy, not that they were gratifying a mere caprice, but that they were labouring earnestly and laudably for the revival of a noble but neglected art. Countless plays, containing five acts of blank verse, are now carefully packed in divers drawers and cupboards, and their authors as devoutly believe that they will some day start into theatrical existence as an old superstitious Moor believed in the ultimate resuscitation of Boabdil. The plays to which we refer are all, for any practical purpose, just as good and just as bad as *Francesca*. They all abound in talk rather than action; they are all marked by a lordly disdain for the public taste; they all teach lessons which nobody wants to learn; they are all based on principles which nobody cares to fathom.

As a Girondin of the last century looked back on ancient Greece or Rome as something that might be reproduced in his own times, so do the writers of unactable dramas con over the history of the Elizabethan stage. Before the domination of the Puritans, London was dotted over with theatres, at which innumerable verse-plays were produced in uninterrupted succession. The present time seems to resemble the age of Elizabeth in the number of theatres at which any form of drama may be legally produced, and this material similitude awakens all sorts of fantastic hopes. Among the managers of the suburbs, and the converters of saloons into theatres, some one will at last be found who will awaken to the great mistake he has committed in debarring a mob, hungry for a highly intellectual drama, from the enjoyment of an abundance that only waits to be served up. Occasionally, too, hopes of this sort receive a little extra stimulus. The lessee of a house that does not attract under any circumstances may sometimes make up his mind to oblige a literary friend by an experiment, which, if it does not lead to good results, cannot render matters worse than they were before. Or an histrionic novice, with small talent and towering ambition, is seized with a desire to create a tragic part. Gentlemen answering to either of these descriptions may rest assured that they can, if they will, hold a levee of unpractical authors, who are ready to extol them to the skies whenever occasion presents itself, and who, though mere ciphers as far as the creation of a theatrical repertory is concerned, are not without influence in gossiping circles connected with petty literature.

One great fact these hopeful dramatists refuse to understand—namely, that five acts of verse are of themselves distasteful to the present generation of play-goers, in the absence of some potent reason to the contrary. Certain plays of Shakespeare, easily enumerated, hold a permanent position on the English stage which is not shared by those of any other author. The Elizabethan drama, apart from Shakespeare, and with the exception of two plays by Massinger, exists for students of English literature only. To the man of ordinary information who may be considered a representative above the average of the occupants of a theatrical pit, Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher are mere names; while Dekker and Middleton are absolutely name-less. The same may be said of the tragic writers of the last century, with this distinction, that their works are ignored almost as much by the literary man as by the general public. The name of Christopher Marlowe may be worshipped by those who have never read a line of his plays; but no such conventional halo surrounds the head of a Rowe or a Southerne. As for the contributions of the present century to the permanent repertory of blank-verse drama, some ten or a dozen plays, respectively emanating from the pens of Tobin, Byron, Knowles, Lytton, Talfourd, and Lovell, are alone worthy of record. Indeed, we have put the figure rather too high than too low. The plays in verse produced within the last thirty years that have not attained this exceptional position have failed more completely than the ordinary melodramas and farces that come and go every season. These amuse while they last, and are then forgotten; but the five-act plays in verse that achieve a moderate success are forgotten more completely, while their duration is shorter, and the amusement they afford is—*nil*.

There was a time when the stage was virtually the sole medium of communication between the poet and the people; and there may possibly have been an age—though we doubt it—when an

author could feel himself in a great measure independent of the peculiarities of his actors. But at the present day, other literary channels can, more efficiently than the stage, convey thoughts and feelings that once had a dramatic expression only, while the complexity of modern theatrical arrangements renders the author's calling more and more technical, less and less literary. Basing our opinion not upon any crotchet, hopeful or despondent, we would exhort young poets in general to have nothing whatever to do with theatrical writing unless they are prepared to treat it as a sort of business, and mix with the persons who are engaged in the various departments connected with theatrical art. Not only a mastery of stage-technicalities wholly unconnected with literature, but knowledge of the effective histrionic power at a given time in a given theatre, knowledge of what is wanted at a particular moment, a keen judgment of the public taste, with a clear perception of what is considered repulsive, and what may be endured—all this, and much more than this, is required for every one who hopes to write plays which managers will accept and actors efficiently represent, and who is not content to be that most formidable of "bores," the author of an unactable drama.

REVIEWS.

THE PROBABLE FALL IN THE VALUE OF GOLD.*

THE title of M. Chevalier's treatise is alone sufficient to create or to revive deep and general alarm. The value of gold is but another term for the amount of all fixed claims and obligations, and of all customary payments. For the scientific economist, it is sufficient to remember that the price of all commodities varies inversely as the value of the standard metal. The dependence of almost all social relations on the fixity or fluctuation in the supply of gold follows with inexorable necessity from this simple definition. It is scarcely too much to say that Parliamentary Reform is a trifle, and a Continental war but a superficial disturbance, in comparison with the revolution which may even now be taking its rise in California, in Australia, and in Siberia. The magnitude of the impending change is imperfectly measured by the statement that the annual import or production of gold in the civilized world already equals one-tenth of the total amount received from America between the first voyage of Columbus and the Californian discovery. From 1492 to 1848, it is supposed that the supply reached a total of four hundred millions sterling. The gold fields, including the Russian mines, are now producing considerably more than forty millions a year. M. Chevalier, in his discussion of the probable consequences of the increased production, assumes, for the purposes of his argument, the diminution in value at fifty per cent., and Mr. Cobden properly cautions his readers against the error of mistaking an arbitrary hypothesis for a calculation or a prophecy; but it would seem that the author really anticipates a depreciation to at least an equal amount. As Mr. Cobden observes, "Had such an increase occurred in the supply of any article such as corn, sugar, or cotton, of which the whole annual produce is consumed within a couple of years, it would have probably caused a depreciation to the extent of nine-tenths of its value." The large stock of gold previously existing in the world has, in the present instance, retarded the process of depreciation, but every successive addition will bring the reservoir nearer to the point at which it must overflow.

The change in the relative value of gold and silver is in England a matter of secondary consideration, and the investigation is complicated by the accidental circumstance that, while gold has been flowing into Europe, silver has been exported in large quantities to India and China. In the bullion-market of Paris, the premium on silver in exchange for gold has recently varied from two to four per cent., while it is notorious that within six or seven years there was a constant premium upon gold. M. Chevalier shows that the relative change of price cannot range much further, until the silver coinage is either drained out of France or retained by means of a legislative act, which he earnestly recommends. It is the principal object of his work to procure the abolition of the law which makes gold as well as silver a legal tender, and although the currency of England rests on an entirely different basis, it may be doubted whether Mr. Cobden has exercised a sound discretion in omitting the greater part of his author's appeal to the French Government and Legislature. From the statements which remain it is scarcely clear whether the maintenance of a mixed standard is an actual breach of faith, although it is a glaring economical absurdity. The law, which dates from the time of the Consulate, while it declares that the silver franc is the monetary unit, at the same time fixes the relative value of the precious metals in the ratio of 1 to 15½. Debtors have for fifty years exercised the right of paying in silver when gold was at a premium; and the same class will probably continue to profit by the choice which legislation has allowed them, although the balance may be more seriously deranged in the opposite direction. M. Chevalier and abstract justice may be on the side of the creditor, but the Government owes three hundred and fifty millions, and the landowners who

* On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold. By Michel Chevalier, Member of the Institute, &c. Translated from the French, with Preface, by Richard Cobden, Esq. London: Smith and Son.

support it owe double the amount. The Emperor, the railway companies, and the encumbered peasant proprietors will be more than a match for the holders of funds and debentures; and all French Christendom will naturally combine to plunder, if possible, the unpopular Jew mortgagees. The money-dealing tribe is fortunately acute enough to anticipate the change in time to avert or to alleviate its own threatened ruin. A mortgage debt which is likely to diminish in value is still more likely to be called in at some moment when the owner of land is least prepared to struggle against the imposition of fresh terms by the lender. The small Government annuitants who swarm in Paris and in every little capital of a department will probably bear the whole weight of the loss when half their little handful of napoleons turns, as in an Eastern tale, into worthless leaves.

M. Chevalier shows that the anomalous law of currency which he denounces has hitherto, at the expense of his own country, postponed the revolution which impends over the rest of the world. In his own expressive words, "France serves temporarily as a parachute to retard the fall of gold;" for as long as a debt of twenty francs can be discharged by the tender of a napoleon, holders of silver coin will be ready to exchange it, on receipt of a small premium, for the legal equivalent in gold. The enormous extent of the demand which has been thus created is shown by the progress of the French gold coinage, which in less than nine years has reached the amount of a hundred and twenty millions sterling. During the same period the coinage of silver has, by great exertions on the part of the Government, been brought up to thirteen millions. "If the directors of the mints had been left to themselves, they would not perhaps have struck a single five-franc piece since 1853." With an annual import into Europe of gold bullion to the amount of forty millions, it is impossible not to foresee that the parachute which bears up nominal values will soon be hopelessly overweighted.

In England, as there is no question of fraud or of a double standard, the change in the relative value of gold and silver has derived its principal importance from the diversion of the sudden influx into the mint of France. The approaching fall in the absolute value of money may well cause graver anxiety. There is no reason to suppose that when France is once sufficiently supplied with the new coinage there will be any great additional demand to counteract the effect of an unprecedented supply. M. Chevalier, after a detailed examination of the different outlets which have been suggested, shows that they are all either imaginary or insignificant. The use of gilding in ornament might possibly become more common if the metal were considerably cheaper; but the wonderful ductility of gold is such as to reduce within a trifling compass all the material which could be required for the purpose. A sovereign would furnish gilding for a thread six hundred miles in length, and, according to M. Chevalier, every considerable house in France might be furnished with gilt ceilings for two or three hundred thousand pounds. Ornaments of solid gold might possibly become somewhat less uncommon; but the fashion might, on the other hand, decline as the display became less difficult of attainment; and while the materials were cheaper, the workmanship would be, to a certain extent, more expensive. In commercial transactions coin is every day becoming less necessary, as the art of balancing accounts is more fully developed. The gold currency of England, amounting in round numbers to forty millions, is aided by about thirty millions in bank notes, while the circulation of bills and of similar commercial securities is estimated at two hundred millions. At the London Clearing House, payments of several millions are daily effected without the use of a five-pound note, a sovereign, or a shilling. The probable increase of the retail demand for money will at most only counterbalance the growing disuse of coin in wholesale commerce.

The result is that the inundation is approaching, and that the dykes are already overwhelmed. Some able writers have already recommended the establishment of a silver standard for the future, but all existing obligations must inevitably be construed according to the terms of the bargain. The State owes to its creditors neither corn nor cattle, but two hundred million ounces of a certain substance which might be tendered in discharge of the debt although it had become as cheap and common as iron. The fundholder of a thousand a-year may have believed himself secure in the enjoyment of a liberal competence, yet the Government guaranteed him neither luxury nor comfort, but merely the right to an annual payment of about two hundred and seventy ounces of metal. If the commodity which forms the basis of the transaction had become scarcer, the burden on the taxpayer would have proportionally increased, and it is certain that he will take the utmost advantage of the change which is likely to relieve him of a large portion of his liability. The ruin of families, as they sink by thousands into a lower class of society, will be a melancholy but unavoidable result of a bargain which can scarcely be called improvident. Lenders of gold were as little able to foresee the discovery of the gold-fields as postmasters and innkeepers on the great North road to anticipate the introduction of railways.

The injury to the creditor will, of course, bear a direct proportion to the duration of the contract. Fundholders, as perpetual annuitants, will, in their own persons or in those of their transferees, bear the entire loss of the ultimate decline in the value of gold; and the hardship will press most severely on the

numerous possessors of temporary interests in stock which, as regards the principal, is vested in trustees. The deep-rooted affection of the Court of Chancery for Three per Cent. Consols will prove more ruinous to the objects of its care than if the Sutors' Fund had been invested in steamboats and in railways. Widows and orphans, and annuitants, even if they have studied M. Chevalier and Mr. Cobden, will be utterly unable to profit by their knowledge or to get rid of a commodity which is decaying in their hands. Independent fundholders, unless they can discover some error in the economical argument, have as yet the remedy in their own hands, with the aid of the nearest broker. When the alarm becomes general, the sudden crash of public credit will act to a certain extent as a drawback on the large profit which must necessarily accrue to the State.

Policies of Assurance on lives stand next in order as undesirable securities in the prospect of a declining standard of value. In this case also the contract holds good in form and in law, but a worm may be eating out all the interior substance. In consideration of certain premiums, Assurance Companies will hereafter be called upon to pay a hundred or a thousand ounces of the produce of Australia and California. The receipts have hitherto borne the value which was contemplated by both parties to the bargain, but the future payment may possibly be reduced in value to the amount of one-half or of three-quarters. Notes of a bank which has stopped payment, and coins of a metal which has become worthless, produce precisely similar results to the unfortunate holder. It is true that a pound will always retain a certain value, but few persons can lose the half of their substance without practical ruin. If statesmen in the present day were accessible to bribes, they would perhaps repudiate Pope's congratulation on the use of a portable currency for purposes of corruption:—

How would this news a statesman's slumbers spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
A hundred oxen at your levée roar;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door."

The oil, and the cattle, and the cloth might, notwithstanding the inconvenience of publicity, be preferred by the venal placeman to worthless coins, or to their equivalent in equally depreciated paper.

The community, as a whole, will lose nothing by the change, although it may probably be injuriously affected by the general disturbance of social relations. Producers, and especially producers of raw material, will profit to the greatest extent by the misfortune of their helpless neighbours. Landowners, unless they are hampered by long leases, will find their property increased, at the same time that their taxes, jointures, and mortgages are largely reduced. Farmers, traders, and manufacturers will all benefit by the reduction of the National Debt, and they will all probably intercept a portion of the influx of money before they are compelled to adjust the rate of wages to the changing standard of value. The ruin of a large portion of the upper and middle classes, at the same time that the working classes suffer temporary distress, will not directly impoverish the country, but it may perhaps produce a social and political revolution.

It will be difficult to attribute the blame of any evils which may occur to want of prudence on the part of legislators. Gold had for many years fulfilled, better than any other substance, the requisites of a fixed standard of value, and it is by a mere accident that the countries which preferred the use of silver are at present exempt from similar alarms. The difficulty which impends over statesmen resembles the confusion which might have fallen on navigation if the magnetic needle had suddenly ceased to point to the pole; and in that case, although compasses would have suddenly become useless, it would not follow that shipowners had been to blame for fitting up their vessels with binnacles. It is true that a change in a natural law is impossible or inconceivable, whilst the establishment of a gold standard was based on human conjectures which in this particular instance have proved erroneous; but it was necessary to make a choice, and it was right to be guided by experience and by proved convenience. A silver standard would have been equally deranged by the discovery of a score of Potosis; and a corn standard, such as that which regulates the tithe averages, may perhaps be as much modified by the cultivation of the prairies of Illinois as the value of gold by the diggings of California. The best course under the circumstances is to look the difficulty in the face, and M. Chevalier and Mr. Cobden deserve public gratitude for calling general attention to a subject of transcendent importance.

BURGON'S LIFE OF TYTLER.*

THIS is a very pleasing biography, and its merits are not the less because Tytler was in no way a very remarkable man. The facts of his life are so simple, his character was so unambitious, his literary success, though genuine, so circumscribed, that it is not easy for a biographer to say much about him. Where he principally stood out from the common run of educated and able men was in the depth of affection, in the graces and virtues he brought into the sphere of domestic life, and in his heartfelt, unpretending piety. These excellences are quite sufficient to

* *The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman. A Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler. By his Friend, the Rev. John W. Burgon, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Murray. 1859.*

make a biography of him not only justifiable but desirable. But they are the very excellences which ordinarily baffle the kind of biographers that attempt to portray them. They have made themselves felt only in a limited circle, and the biographer must, therefore, have belonged to that circle in order to make his task possible. But affectionate admiration is the very feeling that most deludes the judgment of a relation or friend who has no other call for writing than acquaintance with his subject. It seems a sacrilege to withhold materials that have all some bearing on the life of one who has been tenderly beloved. It is fortunate, therefore, that the memoir of Tytler has fallen into the hands of a biographer who was not only an intimate friend, but who knows what a biography should be. A severer taste might have suggested a few excisions, even in the small volume into which Mr. Burgon has wisely compressed the story of his friend's life, but for the most part the treatment of his materials has been singularly judicious. We have enough of Tytler's letters to know the main features of his external character—his cheerfulness, his tenderness, his playful, gay affection. We have enough of his private journals and memoranda to comprehend his internal character, and appreciate the thoroughness of his secret piety and purity. But we are not overwhelmed with a flood of letters and extracts that could do nothing more than leave the same impression that is already produced by the materials presented to us. The spirit, also, in which the book is written is at once high and tolerant, and with few exceptions the English is pure, easy, and vigorous. Those who begin by looking at the pedantries that mark the title-page and the dedication to the Queen, would scarcely expect they had in their hands a volume where there is so little to blame and so very much to praise.

This is a purely family history. When we know that Tytler was the son of Lord Woodhouselee, a Scotch judge; that he joined and quitted the bar; that he married a wife whom he tenderly loved, early lost, and profoundly regretted; that he spent almost all his days in writing a history of Scotland in nine volumes; and that shortly before his death he married again, we know all the facts of his life that we can care to recollect. What we have to add to this skeleton is the gentle virtue of the man himself. But in order to judge of this, the letters and documents that establish it must be read themselves. It is no use saying that Tytler was, as a husband, more than usually tender, and more than usually delicate in his tenderness. Words such as these produce no impression. We must read the well-chosen letters from Tytler to his wife which Mr. Burgon has printed, if we want to know what Tytler was in the intimate relations of married life. In offering, therefore, a very brief sketch of Tytler's life to our readers, we do so mainly because it is the duty of reviewers to give some notion of the contents of the books they notice, and not because it is possible to judge Tytler, or to estimate the interest of his biography, except by reading the work itself.

Patrick Fraser Tytler, the third and youngest son of Lord Woodhouselee, was born on the 30th of August, 1791. His life from his cradle was a happy one. His father was not only a man of active intellect and very varied tastes and accomplishments, but was one of those persons who are the centres of happiness to all around them—playful, genial, fond of amusement, fond of study, and the friend as well as the guide of his children. Peter, as he was called, was a backward boy, but his father prophesied his future distinction from the keen attention he bestowed on what was going on around him. He received his education in Edinburgh, or under a tutor at Woodhouselee, until the age of seventeen, when he was sent to an English school at Chobham. Here he remained a year, and one fruit of his change of residence was traceable in the reception he met with on his return from his youngest sister. She was missed from the room, and found weeping. "What, in tears!" her sisters said, "and our Peter returned to us again—and is he not delightful?" "Oh yes," she answered, "he is delightful; but he speaks English." At the age of twenty-two Tytler had the great misfortune to lose his father, and the happy circle at Woodhouselee was broken up. He had already entered on the profession of the law, and three years afterwards he reaped the advantage of the respect felt for his father by being made Junior Crown Counsel. He was a conscientious student of law, because he felt it his duty to be so, but his heart was always in historical literature. The excellent society which Edinburgh then afforded also gave him many pleasant distractions from his profession. He travelled, he shot, he was a member of the Bannatyne Club, he joined the Yeomanry Volunteers. Everywhere his liveliness and good humour made him acceptable, and few men have ever had a pleasanter and a purer youth to look back on. The advice of Sir Walter Scott determined him to devote himself finally to writing the History of Scotland as the work of his life, and he began his great task much about the same time that he entered on the brief but extreme happiness of his married life.

His wife was Miss Rachel Hog, daughter of Mr. Hog of Newliston; and two of her brothers had been, and remained through life, his warmly attached friends. It is impossible to read the story of Tytler's married life without a pang. We know what the end was, and how death, after a few short years, swept away the young wife and mother who was so fondly idolized, and whose waning health forms the subject of so many eager and passionate

entreaties in her husband's letters to be prudent and careful of herself. We will quote one or two of these letters. Soon after his engagement was formed, he wrote to his sister, to announce his good fortune in the following letter:—

I sit down to write to you on so new a subject, that I scarcely know how to begin; but to you, my own Jeanie, I must write, because I know you and James will deeply feel anything which makes me happy.

I am going to be married; and the object of my whole little plans and wishes, for the last two years, is under the kind providence of God, realized. I find myself in possession of the sweetest, kindest, and most faithful heart that ever dwelt in a human bosom; and this, united to the purest religious principles, to the most solemn feelings of the sacred duties incumbent on a wife, and to manners which, from being formed entirely under the domestic roof, are wholly free from any mixture of worldliness, or vanity, or display. My dear little girl has never been one night away from home; and I believe, although she is twenty-one or twenty-two, three or four balls or parties are nearly the extent of her gaiety. The effect of this is, that she is the most timid and diffident, but I think the most attractive creature I ever saw. With excellent taste and talents, and fine accomplishments, she hardly thinks she can do anything well. I do not know if I or any of my sisters ever mentioned to you how long and deeply I have been interested in her; how often I rode out to meet her in her rides; and the great difficulties I had to overcome in getting into the Castle at Lauriston, which is exactly like a convent, with high walls and locked doors, and an old Father or Governor, aged eighty-four, in command, who hates company, and keeps his daughters constantly employed in reading to him. But I must not say a syllable against him, for he has behaved nobly and generously beyond measure; welcoming me into his family with a disinterestedness which is indeed rarely met with; giving to me his daughter, the richest jewel in his domestic crown, and a portion of —. You may believe, my dear Jeanie, I thought little of money; for had Rachel not a shilling in the world, my affections were, and for ever would have remained, hers. But it is very pleasing, having allowed my heart to be in its choice wholly unoccupied (as I always was determined it should be), with money matters, to find that I shall be quite independent; that having chosen love, I have inadvertently put my hand upon riches too.

A few of the love-letters which he wrote after his marriage are inserted by Mr. Burgon. The following is a good specimen, and its date shows that within three months of his marriage the health of his wife began to cause anxiety:—

I rode out to Mount Esk to-day, and write to you in a great hurry, as I have still to ride into Town, and put my note in the post. I was delighted to hear you were so well, and so obedient. Go on, my sweetest girl, taking more and more care of yourself in avoiding all fatigue; but be as much in the open air, and as happy as possible. Banish these wretched *noisies*, which keep you wakeful; and sleep as sweetly and soundly as I intend to do this night, in obedience to your commands.

I had forgotten that, for ten days, I have been engaged to the Chief Baron's to dinner to-morrow; but I intend to have my good Diomed at his door at nine, and ride out to you in the cool of the evening. Only think—yesterday I went to the wild beasts, and was much gratified by going into Nero (the Lion's) den, and sitting down upon him. He is so tame that he allowed me to clap his cheek and twist my hand into the hair of his huge mane. He is the most noble and kingly brute that I ever saw. I must take you to see him.

I have got a beautiful little kitten as a present; which I mean, if you like it, to give to you; but it is not ready yet to leave its mother. When it grows a cat, and gets stupid, we'll give it as a present to some dear friend. . . . God bless you, my best and dearest love!

The young couple lived in Edinburgh, and there Tytler studied, and there he was sometimes left to study by his wife, whose delicate health often parted her from him. In one of the earliest of these times of separation he thus wrote to her:—

Another note from your solitary bird! Indeed I am very solitary, and wish very much I was once more back again; for, from some cause or other, my Uncle and William have never arrived, and I begin to fear that he or some of them are ill. . . . On going up to my dressing-room before dinner, my eyes rested on the little old brown trunk which contains your early letters, when you were a little dear creature, running about and stuffing your small body through windows in rabbit-houses. It has a strong string round it, and I have the greatest inclination to rummage through it, and read everything; but I do not know whether if you were beside me you would permit it, and this feeling makes me hesitate.—By the bye, who should I meet all of a sudden in the street to-day, but M—— with her aunt and the Graces. M—— smiling, and looking very kind and good-humoured, and asking all about my dear Rachel; and the Graces modestly retiring behind the skirts of their Aunt's petticoats, so that I only saw the head of one of them. What an attractive thing modesty is, after all!—To-day, Mungo Brown took me to the elder's seat, where I sat under Mr. Knott (the Precentor's) nose, and was dreadfully annoyed by his portentous puffing and blowing out the Psalm tunes.—What more can I say to my own beloved Rachel, except the old tale with which I am ever tiring her? Care, care, care of herself. Oh, if she knew how I love her, and how the smallest threatening of illness, or suffering of pain by her, hurts me,—she would never risk anything.

These notes are not the sort of documents that friendship has ordinarily a right to publish. But it must be remembered that, apart from his domestic history, Tytler's life did not in the least deserve to be written. It was because his peculiar tenderness and sweetness so forcibly impressed his friends that they have thought it right this memoir should be published. And any one who reads the book through will feel that there is something in Tytler's character which takes hold of the memory. We cannot say that any one thing he did, or letter he wrote, or feeling he underwent, was very peculiar. Other husbands have written much in the same way to other wives. But the whole of a character produces an effect which we cannot account for by analysing its parts, and the whole of Mr. Burgon's volume presents us with a picture of Tytler which gives new life and meaning to all the separate portions. When we have got to know the man, we seem to find in these letters to his wife the fullest blossoming of all that was most delicate and gracious in his mind; and if, therefore, they seem to any one rather ordinary productions, we must ask him to suspend his censure until he has read them in connexion with the whole biography.

As long as this lady—to use his own words—"smiled and

was happy, and seemed to be well, it was fresh morning with him." But death will not pass over the happy souls that wish to live; and in 1838, nine years after her marriage, Mrs. Tytler died, leaving three children. With long anguish and pious resignation Tytler mourned her loss. The last thing he looked at before he lay down at night was her picture; and daily he recalled her to the recollection of his children. Thenceforward he principally lived in London, working in the State Paper Office to collect materials for his history. There is not much to notice in the record of his later years, except that in 1839 he took a tour in the Highlands with Mr. Burgon, which cemented the friendship that has ultimately marked out that gentleman as his biographer. The description of this tour is very well written, and is as short, enthusiastic, and graphic as sketches of travels in beautiful scenery ought always to be. In 1843, after he had finished his history, he was invited to Windsor Castle; and the account of his stay there is the only part of the book to which we object. We do not think that it is justifiable to give an account of the Queen's domestic habits on the plea that they are described in the vein of that infantine exuberance of loyalty which is the counterfeit of the discreet courtesy which subjects ought to maintain towards their Sovereign. Mr. Burgon should remember that Mr. Tytler is not the only person who is for the moment made ridiculous when we find him describing to his sister how Prince Albert opened a case of miniatures in "the sweetest possible way." But this is a slight blemish on which we do not care to dwell. We have only to add that Tytler remarried in 1847, and died in 1849. He certainly did not live in vain; for, besides his history, he left behind him the materials for a biography which no one can read without feeling the better for reading it.

SIX YEARS IN RUSSIA.*

THE authoress of *Six Years' Travels in Russia* appears from her book to have been a governess in a Russian family. The title is perhaps a misnomer, for the six years do not seem to have been spent in travelling; and the only journey recorded is the comparatively slight one (for Russia) from St. Petersburg to Tambov. This, however, in no sense detracts from the real merit of the work. It contains a pleasant and careful description of the little daily details of life in the Russian Empire—matters with which mere travellers are not able to acquaint themselves, and which residents too often do not care to chronicle. The style and tone are thoroughly ladylike; and we can scarcely give higher praise than by saying that, under very similar circumstances, the author's experience contradicts every single statement of that discreditable publication, the *Englishwoman in Russia*. Indeed, the fault in the present instance lies on the other side. There are traces throughout of a kindly impulsive nature that sees only the better part of humanity, and refuses to believe that there are shadows as well as light in the world. Still this fault is comparatively of slight account in a book that does not profess to give an exhaustive description of Russian society. The public has so long been fed upon scandals that it can afford to be startled from its propensities by finding that the mythical country which De Custine and Sala have described as more than barbarous, is the object of hearty regard and admiration to all who have cared to study it as it is.

St. Petersburg was the traveller's first place of residence, and comes in for what we are inclined to regard as exaggerated praise. Large palacelike houses, broad streets, and a beautiful river are not in themselves sufficient to constitute a magnificent city, if the architecture be tawdry, the distances out of proportion, and the general effect that of a monotonous uniformity. One of the curious features of the town is the absence of any exclusively fashionable quarter. This is probably to be ascribed to the policy or taste of its first founders, who placed the Academy of Arts, the Marine College, the School of Mines, and the University on the same island as the Bourse. Hence, for all visiting purposes, the city is more impracticable than London, and the only antidote to be found is in the cheapness and plenty of droschki. Nevertheless, "an English Lady" thinks that St. Petersburg is not dearer than other capitals, inasmuch as the system of living on flats makes up for the expense of house-rent; and imported articles of food, although dear, are very good. Even admitting this, the great expense of all manufactured articles in the "English and Russian Magazines" must be taken into account. We have heard of seven shillings and sixpence being charged for a shaving-brush. Besides, a city in which every gentleman is obliged to keep a carriage can scarcely be called cheap. The truth we believe to be, that for the highest and the lowest classes St. Petersburg is no dearer on the whole than Paris or Vienna, but that all the large intermediate class of professional men and tradesmen are compelled to purchase comforts at the rate of luxuries. One item to the account of economy is, however, to be found in those Russian dinners which have lately been proposed as models to ourselves. Allowing that even the "borsch-schie"—a soup of different meats boiled up with sour white cabbage—may be super-excellent in a first-rate cuisine (and in any other we know it to be detestable), we should still be curious to learn whether all the saving

effected by single dishes is not counter-balanced by the expense of foreign wines. Altogether, although our author recommends the Russian climate for cases of consumption, we doubt whether it would be equally efficacious in the use of decayed incomes. The life of civilized men is more dependent upon what are called luxuries than upon mere food and clothes; and except in the special instance of education there is probably not a single saving which may not be effected as well at home as abroad, if the families who now emigrate would only agree to live without the superfluities of life in England. In the matter of education, we pay dearly, though not too dearly, for its freedom. The reflection that we have hitherto escaped a State system may console us for the want of those magnificent institutions, the Academy for Artists and the Smolnoi Convent for young ladies, which our author found in St. Petersburg. The State is paid for its liberality by the unconscious control which it exercises over the minds of its many thousand pupils. A ludicrous instance of this is given in a story of a ladies' school at Warsaw, where the inmates were so overcome by a present of the Czar's portrait, that they all dropped on their knees when the picture of the superb autocrat was first unveiled.

The enthusiasm for the late Czar and his family has infected "an English Lady." She is never weary of describing the autocrat's majestic presence, or of retailing stories of his kindness in private life, and of his strict sense of duty. When his daughter, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, died, her last wish was that her father's miniature might be laid on her breast in the coffin. An amusing story relates how a peasant walked from the confines of Siberia to present the Czar with a bag of especially fine filberts. The adventurer forced his way into the Imperial presence at a great military review, presented the nuts with a strict charge that they should be shared with the Grand Duke Michael, and returned home highly pleased with his reception and the rewards he carried away. A curious incident, characteristic of Russian official life, is mentioned as the first occasion of those attacks before whose return, under new excitement, the Czar at last succumbed. A certain M. de T—, a man of high military rank and family, had attracted attention in St. Petersburg by the expenses of his first season there. He had come up to the capital with the view of getting his daughters off his hands, and one of them was already betrothed to an opulent nobleman, when the secret of the father's wealth transpired. Charged with the equipment of a detachment of 9000 men, who were to go to Siberia, he had executed it in such fashion that the clothes fell to pieces on the way, and 6000 of the troops died before reaching their destination, while the rest came in at the end maimed and frost-bitten. The Czar's rage and grief, when he heard of this infamous transaction, prostrated him with a dangerous fever. In what way the scoundrel was punished officially is not mentioned. Probably he was able to bribe heavily, and escaped with only a few months in a fortress. Nicholas was beginning to feel the Nemesis of his own system, which had stifled all publicity, and centred the whole government of the country in himself. Those, however, who feel most strongly what the faults of the late Czar as a despot were, ought not to deny him the praise of his steady endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the serfs. His attempt to regulate the amount of obrock, or rent paid by the serf to his owner, remained, we believe, without effect. With this was involved, of course, the whole question of the serf's right to possess private property. But a number of little minor laws—such as that a serf could not be sent beyond a certain distance, and was not to be held liable for the chances of the business he was employed in, the ukases that impeded sales of serfs, and the constitution under which the serfs of the Crown were virtually freed—are all honourable and lasting monuments of a reign which has few good memories to recommend it. We are sorry to observe that "an English Lady" has adopted the tone fashionable in high circles in Russia, and implies that the present emancipation is not desired by the peasants themselves, and will be defeated by their attachment to old habits. There is no doubt that a gradual change would be preferable, if it were possible. But the nobles are hardly fit persons to be entrusted with the charge of educating their slaves for liberty, and are never likely to pronounce hastily in favour of any measure that affects the rights of property.

Perhaps the best part of the book is that occupied with the description of country life. It is difficult to make extracts where all is written simply and without effort; but the account of a Russian château will interest English readers:—

The mansion of Krasnoé Celo is situated a short distance from the great highway, which for several versts forms a fine avenue, being planted with linden trees. Each end of the main portion of the building is terminated by a square tower about fifty feet high; from these float flags; that over the ladies' end showing that the mistress of the mansion is at home; that on the other marking the presence of the Seigneur. Stretching from behind these towers, and consequently *vis-à-vis* to each other, runs a line of Gothic buildings, connected by these towers with the main building, and thus forming three sides of the quadrangle. These erections are new and of brick, the style somewhat of the Saracenic kind, the prominent buttresses, pinnacles, ramified windows, the profusion of ornaments, the small clustering pillars and pointed arches of which are for the most part composed of the white stone before mentioned. One of these lines of buildings comprises the kitchen and its appurtenances, the cook's rooms, the contara, or steward's office, the seigneur's clerk's room, the apartments of a superannuated nurse, with others for the accommodation of strangers not admitted to the family table. On the opposite side are the apartments occupied by Alceie and his wife; the laundries, dye-house, carpet-factory, lace-workers' room, store-house, ice-cellar, &c. Contiguous to these are two very solemn-looking erections,

* *Six Years' Travels in Russia*. By an English Lady. London: Hurst and Blackett.

designed as the mausolea of the family. Adjoining these mausolea—at the back of which the foundation of a church is being dug—is a perfect *bijou* of art, viz., a fine Gothic arch, leading out from the quadrangle to what hereafter will be the entrance to the new church: this arch reminds one of the frame of a large orient window, minus the smaller mullions, that has been taken from some old abbey ruin to serve as a model. It is surmounted by a beautiful Greek cross, sculptured like lace or filigree, out of the said white stone.

THE EARTH WE INHABIT.*

THE earth has been increasing in size for the last forty thousand years, at the rate of about an inch yearly in every mile upon its surface. The size of its orbit has likewise been increasing at a rate not yet exactly ascertained, but at the time of Adam the year consisted of about thirty-six days. The tropics are placed at a fixed distance from the equator, and when the earth was smaller they extended to the arctic and antarctic regions, and even to the poles. This circumstance accounts for the former extension of tropical animals and plants into high latitudes. The reason for the introduction of the Gregorian Calendar and the change of style was the increase that had taken place in the length of the year, and if it had not been for that change the summer in 2858 would fall in December, and the winter in June. England has increased by 800,000 acres since the year 1800. The wires of submarine telegraphs are broken in consequence of the growth of the earth, which goes on particularly fast under the sea where the soil is softer. The walls of old buildings are often cracked, but they sometimes escape falling because their solid foundations prevent the earth beneath them from growing so fast as it otherwise would do. There exists a French book, printed in 1760, which states that an English mile was at that time equal to 826 French toises, and 826 toises are equal to nearly 5282 English feet; whereas a mile now contains but 5280 feet. The reason for this discrepancy is that our forefathers (unconsciously) adopted every means to prevent the increase of the earth from being discovered, and therefore lengthened the standard foot in the above proportion. There is reason to believe that all these startling facts are well known to the learned, who have kept the secret to themselves. There are individuals so constituted that it would be vain to expect from them any other notice of a new discovery such as this than opposition; but this book is addressed to those whose common sense is unwarped, and whose capacity for judging evidence is equal to that of the most profound philosopher.

Here, nearly in the author's own words, is the substance of a new book by an artillery officer, who may be presumed to have had a scientific education, and who is certainly familiar with the technical language of astronomy and geodesy. Such works are not without a certain interest to the scientific psychologist who cares to study the morbid conditions of the human intellect. They appear from time to time, infesting particularly those departments of thought in which definite reasoning from well ascertained facts is least practicable. The library of the geologist abounds in the productions of authors of this class. Many of them undertake to solve the most mysterious questions of physiology; several have announced the discovery of a primeval language; but few venture upon matters which can be brought easily and immediately to the test of numerical calculation and every-day experience. In the last respect, this new book differs from most of its predecessors, and the amount of ignorance displayed, together with the unusually small trace of reasoning faculty apparent throughout, give to the writer a certain pre-eminence amongst his fellows. These differences of degree, however, merely mark a variety of the species; the general characteristics of the tribe of pseudo-discoverers are tolerably uniform. The first of these is ignorance of that kind known to the schoolmen as invincible. We may multiply as we will schools, colleges, and lectureships, but there will still remain a large number of minds that, either from a want of the power of serious application, or from an incapacity to perceive the force of demonstration, are never destined to be initiated into the principles of science. A knowledge of results they may, and often do acquire, and such knowledge is far from useless. It may serve for many of the purposes of life, and when the possessor is conscious of the limit of his own faculties, there is no reason why it should make him mischievous or ridiculous. It is when vanity sets to work to build upon the foundation of ignorance that crazy theories are constructed to vex reasonable men and perplex beginners and the half-instructed. If all mankind were able to reason upon abstract subjects, such books as this now before us could do no harm, and they might provide for a few readers the rather melancholy amusement of laughing at the folly of their writers. The case is far otherwise; and we have daily proof that the spread of popular instruction in science has enormously increased the number of those who read, but added very few to the list of those who are able to understand a demonstration or to detect a fallacy; and on this account it is right to restrain, as far as practicable, the presumption of a class every day becoming more numerous, by exposing the absurdity of a prominent offender. There is not a book of this description that does not unsettle the minds of many, especially of the softer and more credulous sex. Women who have imbibed what is called a "taste for science," by reading popular works from

which all exact reasoning is excluded, are dazzled by any writer who will offer them the attraction of new conclusions couched in technical jargon, and accompanied with an apparent familiarity with the works of the real masters of the science. It is like the sensation caused at a dull party in a country town by the sudden appearance of an M.P. who talks boldly of his intimacy with Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. If he thinks proper to practise on the credulity of his hearers by pretending to reveal the mysteries of political history, there is literally no limit that he need impose on the extravagance of his imagination. He may describe the exact disguises that Lord Derby and Mr. Bright usually wear, and name the tavern where their nightly meetings take place—he may mention the exact amount of secret-service money used to tempt Mr. Gladstone into undertaking his mission to Corfu—and, if it pleases him, he may fix the suspicion of darker crimes upon any other of our public men. Unless he happens to encounter some obstinate, hard-headed man, who insists upon having the proof of his assertions, they will be swallowed by half the men and all the women of the company.

In justice to the author of the new theory of the earth, we must say that we have seen no book of the kind so little likely as this one to lead any human being astray. We hope that many children of our acquaintance, of ten years and less, are capable of asking how it is that the telegraphic wires on land are not broken by the same cause as those under the sea. Some of them will surely think of inquiring how the bridges could stand if the piers are moving asunder, and we expect that a little boy who has been reading of the great Roman bridges in France and Spain, will very quickly let us know the exact number of feet and inches by which the valley of the Tagus has widened at Alcantara, (he will very likely tell us that *Al Kantarah* means "the bridge,") while the great work of the only people that ever made a road or built a bridge in that part of the Peninsula has remained firm in its place for nearly 1800 years. As we have said, however, no amount of obvious absurdity will prevent such a book as this from shaking the minds of a good many ignorant and credulous people. The familiar way in which the author treats the heavenly bodies, and talks of parallax and precession, as if they were parts of artillery drill, and the long array of figures, backed by a copious reference to authorities, will be quite enough to bewilder those who cannot perceive that he has never learned the elementary principles of astronomy, and that his arithmetic is a mass of blunders and inconsistency. Our first impression was, that this book was intended as an elaborate satire upon the follies of other would-be discoverers by some one who saw through and laughed at the tissue of nonsense that he was sending to the press; but the blunders and confusion of thought that fill the entire volume are complete evidence of the writer's sincerity. No reasonable man, even if he strove to do so, could concoct so silly a production as this.

To those who think at all seriously on the matter, two questions are suggested by the prevalence of books of this description—first, whether the general teaching of physical science, as now conducted, is so great a benefit as is commonly supposed; secondly, whether it may be practicable materially to amend our educational system in this respect. The occasion is not one that will permit us to attempt an answer to either of these questions; but we desire to throw out two or three suggestions that have occurred to us in connexion with the subject. To teach physical science is to expound those processes of thought which, when directed to the facts presented in nature, have enabled man to bind these together in mutual relations which present themselves to his mind as the working of general laws. To effect this object it is essential that the mind of the learner should be made to pass onward, step by step, through the course of reasoning which leads to the ultimate results. Time, industry, and a combination of faculties which is not rare, but is far from universal, are the indispensable requisites for the process, and without these science is not to be acquired. On the other hand, mere information as to the facts with which science is conversant, and the formal results, whether certain or merely probable, of scientific research, is accessible to all persons of ordinary intelligence. What we desire is, that the distinction between science itself and scientific information should be more broadly marked and more constantly kept in view by all who are in any way engaged in the business of education. In our universities and colleges, for instance, we should wish to see proper means taken to ascertain whether each student is really capable of ascending the heights of science before that is proposed to him as the only object of his studies. At Cambridge, where there is so much to admire in the system—whether the object regarded be the training of the intellect or the teaching of the exact sciences—we are persuaded that those students (and they are not very few) whose minds are incapable of grasping mathematical demonstrations gain very little from a course in which, to pass the necessary examinations, they are forced to charge the memory with matter that they are never able to digest and assimilate. A well-conducted examination would disclose at an early stage of residence their intellectual deficiency, and their studies might then be more usefully directed into some other direction, where a smaller demand would be made upon the reasoning faculty. Under the present system, such students waste much time, generally with no result; but if they happen to be urged by vanity and love of display, they are likely to fancy

* *The Earth we Inhabit: its Past, Present, and Probable Future.* By Captain Alfred W. Drayson, Royal Artillery. London. 1859.

that they understand subjects of which they have merely acquired the vocabulary, and to undertake the part of innovators or discoverers in science. The system of examinations at our Universities, though not perfect, is complete enough to check such aspirations. A young man who finds that he is unable to put upon paper an intelligible account of the elementary principles of science, or to solve a simple problem in which they are involved, can scarcely delude himself with the notion that he is to reverse the conclusions of Newton and Laplace.

Well-devised examinations have hitherto been wanting in most of the collegiate institutions and schools in this country, and at the same time the instruction in science has been generally incomplete. It is not surprising, therefore, that many men should pass for having received a scientific education who have but a superficial smattering of knowledge, overlying deep strata of ignorance. Whatever good or evil may come from the recent extension of test examinations, it is at least satisfactory to know that while the present system of admission to the scientific branches of the army is continued, no one hereafter admitted to the corps of Royal Artillery is likely to exhibit himself in so strange a fashion as the author of this book.

We should wish to keep our moral before the minds of another class of teachers, from the eminent men who address crowded audiences of ladies at the Royal Institution or elsewhere to the itinerant lecturers of Mechanics' Institutes. Let them continually point out that information is for the many—science for the few. Not that women or working men want the necessary faculties, but that they generally lack either of the other requisites—time and industry. Far from acting as a discouragement, the setting forth the true nature and amount of the effort required would, as we believe, cause an increasing number of both classes to undertake and achieve the arduous ascent.

THIERRY'S HISTORY OF THE TIERS ETAT.*

THE actual political condition of the French nation is a strange commentary by which to read either the preface or the body of Thierry's *History of the Third Estate*. A survey of seven centuries, marked with such tokens of "a regular succession of civil and political progress" as enable the observer to recognise at each end of the period "the same nation and the same monarchy, connected one with the other, modified under the same circumstances, and exhibiting their last change consecrated by a new compact of union," is indeed, to use Thierry's own words, beautiful in unity and simplicity. It was most natural that the vivid impression left by the contemplation of so grand a spectacle should have urged the historian to fuse into a continuous narrative the successive proofs of the development and increasing influence of the popular estate in French constitutional history. In the opinion of many intelligent *doctrinaires*, the growth of that element had culminated in the happy and decisive establishment of a stable equilibrium of the political scale under Louis Philippe. The principles of order, unity, and liberty were triumphant in the latest exhibition of "a united people, a law the same to all, a free and sovereign nation." But since Thierry wrote these words—or at least since he grouped into the grand historical picture of seven centuries the facts and impressions which caused these words to be written—a new change has come over France, hallowed by a fresh compact of union. The Revolution of February, the *coup d'état* of December, and the national acquiescence in the Empire, are facts which must either be incompatible with the "unity and simplicity" of Thierry's constitutional development, or else its crowning glory. The third estate, by the exercise of that volition which Sieyès defined as its wish "to become something," has now become—either everything or nothing. The character of its existence depends on the point of view from which it is regarded. As the base of the Imperial office, consecrating by universal suffrage the throne of its anointed, it is—everything. As a living source of responsible authority, or as an organism with any national work to do, it is—nothing. A philosophic optimist of the twenty-second century, looking back upon the present phase of French history, may probably discover that it has been a logical and indispensable step in the uninterrupted gradation towards whatever state may for the moment have fulfilled the then current theory of constitutional perfectibility in France. It is easy to seize, as the dominant idea among the bygone struggles of mixed passions, follies, and interests which make up the visible internal history of a nation, that which most nearly coincides with the principle apparently paramount in the times of the observer. Without a voluntary perversion of facts, it is easy to forget contradictory details, or even to invert their signification. And, without absolute dogmatism, it is easy to fall into the persuasion that your own modification of political philosophy is not merely the last and the truest that has ruled, but the last and the truest that shall rule, the world. A mind satisfied with the certainty of drawing near to a desired goal of perfection is predisposed to look back through the glass of history in such a spirit as to see—

That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end—

and to that end, in particular, on which its own thoughts are bent

* *Thierry's History of the Tiers Etat*. Translated by the Rev. F. B. Wells. London: Bohn.

as so nearly attained. But to any one not preoccupied with a fixed theory, long periods in the seven centuries which are alleged to bear such strong signs of regular political progress in the French people seem even now (and still more must have seemed to a contemporary observer) marked with tendencies as contrary to any real development of popular freedom as those of the second Republic and Empire. If the so-called Monarchy of the Middle Classes had proved its stability in practice, and shown that power of gradual expansion which the professed basis of its system implied, it would have afforded the best argument possible that even these periods of apparent stagnation or repression were the natural and necessary modes of educating the French people in the science of political liberty. But in the face of the phenomena of the last ten years, it is difficult to fix the actual value of the intermitting recurrences of political agitation which have constituted the proofs of national self-assertion in support of Thierry's theory, as means to an end which they have not permanently assured. Impossible as it is to deny the social progress which has kept pace in France with the widened cultivation of mind and the enlarged material civilization of each successive century, it is almost equally impossible to assert confidently that the bases of that free sovereignty of the nation which Thierry thought he saw in full force under the House of Orleans, are more surely fixed, or even more promisingly marked out, for the elevation of a self-sustaining structure in the indefinite future, than they were ages ago. While the absolute fear of entering upon a renewed struggle with the repressed demon of Socialism is the paramount motive which leads the larger proportion of the cultivated intellect of Paris to acquiesce, with something more than mere content, in the present *régime*, there is no visible ground for concluding that those bases are either more definitely understood or more earnestly desired. The last sentence of Thierry's preface (written in 1853) is perhaps the saddest and the most singular of comments upon the practical sterility of the efforts made by the French nation towards rational self-government since the middle ages. "Our ancestors of the middle ages, as we are bound to acknowledge, had something which is wanting in us at the present day—that quality of the politician and citizen which consists in perceiving distinctly what is required, and in cherishing patient and persevering aspirations." If the seed was good in itself, fell upon good ground, took root and flourished, how is it that, before ripening to a reproductive harvest, it all withered away? If the municipalities of the thirteenth, and the States-General of the three following centuries, were engines of such real and beneficent vitality in practice as they are alleged to have been in a posthumous theory, why was it that their functional life, instead of expanding and strengthening itself by use, became more and more restricted and idle, until the Revolution was needed to prove at once their power of democratic antagonism and their weakness in creative or conservative action? What force, acting upon so energetic and inquiring a spirit as that of the French nation, had been able so thoroughly to neutralize the influence of those earnest political aspirations, and that clear political judgment, of which Thierry elicits the proofs from the *cahiers des doléances* of successive States-General?

No adequate explanation of these contradictory phenomena is anywhere distinctly put forward in the *History of the Third Estate*. Thierry is satisfied with the fact, that "the inauguration (in 1789) of a society founded upon principles of rational right did not come to pass until the mass of the nation had thoroughly perceived that there was nothing for them to expect from a restoration of historical rights." Historical rights are neither more or less than the rational rights which the energy of former ages has put in action. If these were so entirely dead, or so confessedly inadequate to form the base of that structure of liberty which it was the professed destiny of the close of the eighteenth century to inaugurate, as to drive the apostles of the new social scheme upon the abstract principles of rational right alone, it is natural to conclude that they had never interpenetrated the real life of the nation so thoroughly as to be thought worth fighting for. If they contained the germs of the idea of national freedom and sovereignty, they were still but accidental side-shoots of French history, and in no sense represent the leading principles of the times in which their traces are found. Had they possessed the dominant character ascribed to them, they would have expanded into more definite activity, instead of shrinking into silence and disuse. No historical right that is felt to be worth having ever perishes by prescription. It is only the absolute want of, or the direct antagonism to, historical rights that drives the reformer to the unmixt doctrines of rational right as the base of his new society. M. Proudhon's theory of property is merely the perfection of that pure reason which eliminates from the legal question of present titles to portions of the universe all historical fact and right since the creation of the world.

We have no wish to underrate the great importance of the work performed by Thierry in drawing attention to the extensive prevalence of the Roman municipal spirit in France from the thirteenth century downwards, and to the marked opposition to feudalism, or the generally advanced liberality, which characterized the political pupil of the municipalities, the *Tiers Etat* of the States-General. It was precisely because the municipal spirit, customs, and laws were so irreconcilably contrasted with the genius of feudal tenures and habits of thought, that they

succeeded alternately in neutralizing the progress of each other. The definite and impassable barrier fixed between the noble and the *roturier* by their different system of inheritance and their different cycle of interests, duties, and privileges, was the foundation of that almost uncontrolled despotism in the monarch which, in French terminology, has always been denominated national centralization, or unity of action in the State. Great as was at times the influence of individual nobles on the history of the nation, they rarely as a class lived a political life, or exercised a motive power on the Government. They remained to the end as they were at the beginning—men of the sword in presence of men of the pen. But the proportion of the soil of France held by them was too large, and the exclusive privileges vested in their order were too many to allow them to exist without the exercise—voluntary or involuntary—of some force or other. Their misfortune, and that of the whole nation, lay in the fact that this force was entirely a retarding one. Every convocation of the States-General brought out in stronger relief the mutual jealousy of the privileged and the unprivileged classes; and on no occasion in French history were the sessions of the Three Estates sufficiently prolonged or consecutive to give the opposing parties time to measure dispassionately their relative strength, or to discover a neutral field on which their attitude might be anything but that of absolute hostility. Never called together except as a last resource in times of the greatest national danger or difficulty, they never separated except as combatants unwillingly parted after the first indecisive round of the contest. No better system could have been devised for perpetuating a class *vendetta* than the repeated putting-off of a drawn battle to an indefinite day; and no scheme could more thoroughly have paralysed the strength of any genuine national action in face of the growing power of the central Government. It is true that in the records of the earlier States-General are to be found as strong verbal assertions of the doctrine of popular sovereignty as were made in the eighteenth century; but the claim of the sovereign people was only registered in the exaction of promises of which it was unable to ensure the fulfilment as a matter of right when they became due. The assertion of a principle by the States-General received the only practical comment on the importance of its utterance in the publication of a Royal ordinance fifteen or twenty years later, if at all. It is due to the nobles to remark that sometimes, as for instance in the States held at Tours in 1484, the stand for the political rights of the people was made mainly by their order. But the mutual distrust of unreconciled classes on this, as on other occasions, rendered futile the nominal guarantees taken against arbitrary taxation and irresponsible government. It was of no avail to extort a stipulation for the re-assembling of the States within two years, and to limit to that period the Royal power of collecting taxes, if the agreement was capable of being eluded for three-quarters of a century, and if the limitation was from the first an acknowledged dead letter. The heart of the Third Estate was not in the struggle to maintain their position in regard to the King, as it was in their duel with the nobles. Thierry himself observes the uncompromising obstinacy of democratic logic even then predominating in the character of the French *bourgeoisie*. "We might say that it was the destiny, the instinct of the French nation, not seriously to desire political freedom so long as equality was impossible. It was from the breaking down of class government, and the reuniting everything to itself by the Tiers Etat, that the first attempt at a true representative constitution was destined to emanate among us." Some such sentiments may be uttered touching ourselves by the admiring historian of Mr. Bright's reforms, when they have once passed into history. But in regard to French history, they are true; and they are the more remarkable inasmuch as they point to the causes which made French history what it has been. If the determination of the Third Estate to raise its own level absolutely, and to turn its rational rights into historical rights, had been less fitful and more practical, it is possible that a broader and more stable basis of national liberty might have been found than that for which the Revolution was needed to clear the ground. Could that phase of national education have been passed through without the entire disruption of territorial influence and historical feeling which the Revolution involved, France might perhaps have discovered before now that a free nation can be at unity with itself without a chronic effort violently to redress the recurring inequalities of any possible social system, and without the forcible centralization of all power in the hands of a single depository of the sovereignty of the people. As, however, such a development was contrary to the instinct and the destiny of the French nation, it is needless to speculate on what might have been its consequences. But in pointing for example or warning to the records of what really did take place, it is all the more necessary not to deduce an incorrect lesson by exaggerating the importance or misconstruing the tendencies of a partial set of the facts of history. The general scope of Thierry's plan, grappling boldly with the most avowed contradictions, is to present his readers with a logical sequence of the easiest and best steps imaginable towards the apex of a pyramid of national freedom. States-General, Parliaments of Paris, Louis the Eleventh, Henry of Navarre, the League, the Fronde, Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis the Fourteenth, and so on, are all *des événements enchaînés dans le meilleur des mondes possibles*.

CONCERT-PITCH.*

VERY considerable inconvenience has long been felt in the musical world in consequence of the want of a uniform standard by which the pitch of musical instruments, whether used individually or in concert, might be regulated. The tendency in all the most celebrated orchestras to an increased elevation of pitch has been attended by evils which affect the interests of music in no small degree. Composers, instrument-makers, and artists are alike sufferers from this cause, and the great difference existing between the pitches (or diasons, as they are called) of various countries, or of various musical establishments, is frequently a fertile source of embarrassment in musical transactions. With a view to remedy this acknowledged and growing evil, the French Government some time ago appointed a Commission of distinguished men to discuss and collect information upon the whole question; and the result of their labours has lately appeared in the *Moniteur*, in the shape of a very elaborate and interesting Report.

The Commission consisted of fourteen members, all of them eminent in the world of music or science, as the following enumeration of their names will show:—Pelletier (Secretary-General in the Ministry of State, President), Halévy, Auber, Berlioz, Despretz (Professor of Physic at the Faculty of Science), Camille Doucet (Ministerial Head of the Theatrical Department), Lissajous (Professor of Physics at the Lycée St. Louis, and Member of the Council of the Society for the Encouragement of Works of National Industry), General Mellinet (Superintendent of the Bands of the Army), Meyerbeer, Monnaix (Imperial Commissary at the Lyrical Theatres and at the Conservatoire), Rossini, and Ambrose Thomas. Any opinions emanating from a body of men so well qualified to judge upon a subject of this nature must necessarily be worthy of attention; and we think, therefore, that a short summary of their Report may not be uninteresting to the musical portion of our readers.

The Report commences by stating that it is an undoubted fact that the diason, or pitch, has been steadily rising for at least a hundred years, and that it is now quite a whole tone higher than it was in the middle of the last century. As a proof of this, we have the internal evidence of the scores of Gluck, Monsigny, Grétry, and others, besides the more certain testimony of the organs of the time. Rousseau (*Dictionnaire de la Musique*, article *Ton*) states that the pitch of the opera in his time was lower than that of the chapel, and consequently more than a tone lower than that of the opera of the present day. The first question, then, that naturally presents itself for consideration is, what were the causes which have led to this result? Vocalists cannot fairly be charged with any participation in producing this change. They screamed, it seems, even in those days, without the facilities afforded to them by the operas of Signor Verdi. Besides, it is manifestly never for the interest of the singer that the diason should be forced up—a circumstance which can only tend to increase his fatigue and make inroads upon his voice. The interests, too, of composers are, for many reasons, opposed to an undue elevation of the pitch. They have, moreover, but little power of influencing an orchestra in this respect. The composer does not fix the diason—he submits to it. It is, then, says the Report, to the instrumentalists and instrument-makers that this result must be attributed. They are the persons who have evidently a joint interest in raising the diason of the orchestra. Up to a certain point, the more elevated the pitch the greater the brilliancy and sonority of an instrument.

The numerous inventions and improvements which have been effected in wind-instruments have more than anything induced the unnatural height which the diason has now reached. A direct confirmation of this is afforded in a particular instance by a letter addressed to the Commission, by M. Kittl, the director of the Conservatory at Prague, who states that the Emperor Alexander I., upon becoming proprietor of an Austrian regiment, ordered new instruments to be made for the band. The manufacturer, in order to increase the brilliancy of tone, raised the pitch considerably. This having produced the desired effect, the example was followed by other military bands, who all raised their diason.

With the view of obtaining as much valuable information as possible upon the subject, which is one of universal interest to musical art, the Commission wrote to all the most celebrated musical centres in England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and America. Almost all the answers which they received agree in their estimation of the importance of the subject, and in deprecating the undue height of the diasons now in use. Some of these communications, coming as they do from composers and conductors of the first eminence, are very interesting. It would, however, occupy more space than we can afford to attempt anything more than a very brief mention of one or two of the most striking. Reissiger writes from Dresden that he hopes all Europe will warmly applaud the establishment of the Commission. The great elevation of the pitch, in his opinion, destroys the effect and effaces the character of ancient music—of the masterpieces of Mozart, Gluck, and Beethoven. Ferdinand David, Franz Abt, and Lachner, express with equal decision their approval of the step which the French Government has taken. Herr

* Rapport présenté à son Excellence le Ministre d'Etat par la Commission chargée d'établir en France un Diason Musical Uniforme.

Wieprecht, the director of the military music of Prussia, and Dr. Farké each forwarded able papers upon the subject, and manifested a lively sympathy with the objects which the Commission had in view. From several quarters tuning-forks, to the number of twenty-five, were received. Of these Messrs. Broadwood sent three, which afford a striking example of the necessity which exists in our own country for some readjustment and assimilation of the pitches now in use. The first is a quarter of a tone lower than that of Paris, and is used exclusively for piano-fortes destined to be employed for the accompaniments at vocal concerts. This, it seems, was the pitch used about thirty years ago by the Philharmonic Society. The second, which is higher than the Paris pitch, is that to which Messrs. Broadwood ordinarily tune their instruments, as being most likely in general to be in tune with harmoniums, flutes, &c. It is the diapason of instrumentalists. The third, still higher, is that now used by the Philharmonic Society, and, with one exception—viz., that employed in the band of the Belgian regiment of Guides—is the highest which the Commission received. This latter vibrates nine hundred and eleven times in a second, whereas the No. 1 of the Messrs. Broadwood, the lowest of all the tuning forks sent in, gives only eight hundred and sixty-eight vibrations in the same time. This difference is nearly equivalent to a semitone.

With these and various other similar communications before them, the Commissioners unanimously came to the conclusion that it was desirable—first, that the diapason should be lowered; and, secondly, that when so lowered, it should be taken as an invariable regulator. The determination of the particular diapason to be adopted naturally presented considerable difficulties, and accordingly led to some diversity of opinion. All agreed that a depression of more than a semitone was neither practicable nor necessary. One member alone advocated a depression of less than a quarter of a tone. He, indeed, proposed that the alteration should at the most extend to half a quarter of a tone—fearing that any greater change, coming suddenly into operation, might act prejudicially upon the trade in musical instruments, which is one of the most successful branches of French industry. It is difficult, however, to see much force in this objection, when we consider the great variety which exists in the diapasons already in use throughout Europe. In a letter addressed to the Minister of State by the principal French instrument-makers, they enlarge upon the embarrassment resulting “from the continually increasing elevation of the diapason, and from the variety of diapasons,” and go on to request his Excellency “to put an end to this kind of anarchy, and to render to the musical world a service as important as that rendered to the industrial world by the creation of a uniform system of measures.” It is evident from this that the manufacturers themselves do not regard with apprehension the contemplated change of diapason.

Ultimately, a depression of a quarter of a tone was fixed upon. This, it was thought, would afford an appreciable relief to vocalists; and, “without introducing too great a derangement in established habits, would insinuate itself, so to speak, *incognito* into the presence of the public. It would render the execution of the ancient masterpieces more easy; it would lead us back to the diapason employed (in Paris) about thirty years ago—the period of the production of works which have for the most part retained their places in the repertory, and which would accordingly be restored to the original condition of their composition and representation. It would also be more likely to be accepted in other countries than the depression of half a tone.” In accordance with the recommendations of the Commission, an official order has been issued, establishing by law a uniform pitch to be used by all the musical establishments of France which have any connexion with the Government. This “normal diapason” is an A given by a standard tuning-fork to be preserved at the Conservatoire, which vibrates 870 times in a second. All musical establishments authorized by the State must be provided with a tuning-fork verified and officially stamped as consonant with this standard. These regulations come into force on the 1st of July next for Paris, and on the 1st of December for the departments.

Such are the energetic steps which the French Government has taken in a question which, in our own country, would probably be thought far too trivial to call for State interference of any kind. It would, moreover, in all probability, be almost impossible for us to effect any analogous reformation in the musical world by means of official legislation, inasmuch as we have—and we regret that it is so—scarcely any musical establishments which are dependent for their support upon the Government, or which can in any way be said to have a national character. Much, however, might be done by private combination. If such men as Professor Bennett, Mr. Costa, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Alfred Mellon, and the Messrs. Broadwood could, upon consultation among themselves and with others of our more eminent musicians and instrument-makers, come to some understanding upon this question, and would offer their suggestions to the world, it would not improbably lead to a reform which, as we have before remarked, is even more pressing called for in our own country than in France, where the movement has originated. It would, at any rate, be satisfactory to know the opinion of the men who, in England, are best qualified to speak authoritatively upon the subject.

LOST AND WON.*

WE have frequently had occasion to regret that the language of criticism is defective in terms to express the minor degrees of excellence in novel writing. The number of novels is so great, and the shades of merit are so many, that we need a finely pointed nomenclature. The language of trade is far more effective. It has very accurate, though often very odd words to distinguish the hundred sorts and qualities of the various articles of commerce; and it is especially copious in marking the minute shades between “middling” and “good” which it is so difficult to distinguish sharply. There is one well-known commodity which, even in the printed circulars, has the six gradations of “ordinary,” “middling,” “fair,” “good fair,” “good,” and “fine;” besides others which we are told the oral language of the market would accurately define. No one believes that literary excellence has fewer shades of distinction than cotton, and yet how few are the words of the critic in comparison with those of the broker.

If we might for once use trade language, we should venture to describe *Lost and Won* as a “fine middling,” or “readable second quality” novel. The language is good, the narrative spirited, the characters are fairly selected and fairly delineated, the dialogue has considerable dramatic force, and yet the work, as a whole, is by no means of the first excellence. A really good novel will bear to be read again and again, to be thought over in various connexions, to be meditated upon in various moods, to be discussed and commented on. *Lost and Won* would not bear so extreme a test; its merits are almost certain to strike us at a first reading, and quite sure to escape us at a second. We liked the spirited narrative yesterday—to-day it seems poor, for we know what we are going to be told. The characters seemed not amiss at first, for we were always expecting a new insight into them; but on a second reading we can scarcely endure them, because we know that this insight into their essence is never to be given us, and that the delineations will be sketchy and external to the last page. “If you are pleased with a common acquaintance,” we have been warned, “be rather careful not to see him again.” If you have read a common novel with pleasure, the warning of criticism is never to open it again.

We can scarcely compliment the authoress of *Lost and Won* upon her plot. The narrative purports to be written by the heroine—or the quietest of the heroines—of the book. The scene opens with a description of her domestication with an aunt and two male cousins, in a very quiet situation, and an account of one of the latter—a very large young man—getting extremely wet. The repose of their life is broken by the occurrence—it is difficult to use any other word—of a young lady called “Hildred Kane,” who has been in Italy, and has been in Brussels, has splendid hair, is the daughter of an actress, and is altogether an exciting and astonishing sort of personage. The large young man whom we have mentioned immediately falls in love with this young lady, and being in the same house has considerable opportunities of rendering himself acceptable. He does not, however, succeed completely. She is intellectual, cultivated, and accustomed—though we are not very distinctly told where—to intellectual conversation. He is manly and bulky—according to the traditional type in novels of the common young Englishman—but is not remarkable for many ideas, and has only a cumbrous way of expressing those he possesses. She accepts him, however, at last, and they are to be married, when a certain Lord Carstairs appears on the scene. This nobleman did not bear, we are informed, the best of reputations in that neighbourhood, as there had been an unpleasant affair with a governess in those parts—still he was received in society. His first introduction is thus described:—“Hildred sat before the piano, and the room was filled round about her; but there were two especially who stood nearest to her. One of these was Frankland; the other, Alice whispered to me, was Lord Carstairs. He was standing at the side of her chair, so turned that I could not see his face, except once when, at the sound of some slight movement behind him, he stirred and looked round. I saw it then for one moment, and forgot it no more. It was a proud, keen, beautiful face—and yet a face that was not young, that was all scathed and lined and worn—that might have passed through fire, it was so strangely seared.” As every reader will expect, Hildred is fascinated with this singular face. Lord Carstairs, as well as herself, has been in Italy, and they have a good deal doubtless respecting that country to say to one another. Several exciting incidents occur. There is a fire, and he saves her life—he goes out in a life-boat towards a ship in difficulties, and she strains her eyes after it, regardless of her bulky fiancé, who has again got wet. Considerable skill and taste are shown in the description of her struggles: she has no money, and is only prevented from going upon the stage by a promise that she would not do so, made to her father on his death-bed. She exerts herself very much to fasten her mind down to ordinary English life, and the simple attractions of her commonplace admirer, but in vain. The moral of the book evidently is, that a certain excitement is necessary for persons whose excitability is naturally great; and that it is very dangerous by artificial moralities, or conventional distinctions, to exclude them from the pursuits which naturally afford that

* *Lost and Won*. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of “Riverston.” London: Smith and Elder. 1859.

excitement. If Hildred had been allowed to go on the stage, the authoress almost tells us, she would have had a career—an opening for her strongest tendencies, a sphere for using her higher powers of mind. Common English society affords an Englishwoman no such opportunity. She must bend her mind—ordinarily it does not require much bending—to a rather pleasant but still not very exciting routine. Needlework is appointed her—she is quite forbidden to be theatrical. Hildred revolts at this necessity, and listens to Lord Carstairs. He seduces her, and they live together for awhile in Italy, where he leaves her, and she ends, after all, by going on the stage.

This is one half of the plot of the book. The other half relates to the narratress. We have said that she begins by describing herself as domesticated with two young cousins—both young gentlemen—one of whom falls in love with their anomalous visitor Hildred. Of course the other falls in love with the supposed authoress, and is successful. He is a good young clergyman, who, we are informed, is clever and accomplished, but who never does anything or says anything which evinces those qualities. The narratress is a quiet and tolerably clever girl, who delineates herself incidentally, and by short allusions, in a very skilful way, and who accepts first the intellectual guidance, and then the hand of her clerical cousin with gentle gratitude, and constant, if rather tame affection. The sole interruption to their tranquil course is a somewhat anomalous relation of the gentleman with a consumptive young lady who is much in love with him, but at the point of death. She ultimately dies, to the evident relief of her especial friend the narratress, and no other difficulties intervene. The quiet course of this love affair is evidently intended as a relief from the exciting story of Hildred Kane, and answers that purpose extremely well.

It will be seen from this sketch of the plot that there is little in this novel which will require or bear very special criticism. As we have said, it is rather good, but not very good; and the language of criticism would ineffectually exhaust itself in endeavouring to give a more accurate or expressive description of it. It has, however, one peculiarity, in relation to which it may be instructive to consider it somewhat further. We have said that the narrative professes to have been composed by the quiet heroine, and there are evident advantages which not unfrequently just now induce writers of novels to tell their story from that point of view. It is the greatest of these that the necessary limitations of the life which it is proper to describe in the novel, exactly coincide with the necessary limitations of the knowledge of the person who, on this supposition, professedly writes it. Nothing is, by the received rules, permitted in novels, which does not suit the perusal of young ladies as well as of young gentlemen. Such a writer as Mr. Thackeray is constantly irritated at this restraint. He has evidently to reject illustrations which would be telling, and remarks which would be very appropriate, because they belong to the unladylike and interdicted world. Every man, in proportion to the variety of his acquaintance with life, will feel the same constraint. The obvious remedy is, that the writer should throw himself once for all into the position of a young lady in the story—hear only what she hears, see only what she sees, know only what she knows. His dramatic instincts will then preserve him even from wishing to overstep the prescribed boundary. Whatever he may wish to say himself, he will not wish that a quiet heroine of his delineation should say anything which it would not be quite proper that she should say. If the novel be written, as we know is now not very uncommon, by a young lady, she will find an additional advantage in selecting as the point of delineation the exact point of view with which she is inevitably most familiar, and which is more or less her own. She will be sure of describing only what she can describe, as well as be protected from all risk, if by possibility there should be any, of trespassing on what she ought not to describe.

But there are drawbacks on these advantages. Not only does the extreme limitation of the field of delineation after a time weary all those whose range of knowledge is more varied, but a less evident result follows, of which *Lost and Won* is a striking instance. The narrative becomes very melodramatic. A little reflection will, indeed, enable us to perceive why this must be so. By a melodramatic incident, we mean a startling incident of which no rational or intelligible account is given us. By a melodramatic character, we mean one which has the startling features and exaggerated qualities which tell upon the stage, but of which no real *rationale* is offered. In the case of the event, we have either no idea of its cause, or we perceive that cause to be improbable. In the case of the man, we do not know the inner nature out of which his startling peculiarities arise. These peculiarities are described to us, and we are told that they belong to a certain man, but what that man is we do not know. Some such delineation as this is the inevitable result of that limited knowledge which it is proper to attribute to the favourite narratress of modern fiction—the quiet heroine. A young lady of that kind can only in a modified way understand that which passes around her. Not to speak of other limitations, the entire sphere of masculine action is wholly shut out from her perception. Half the incidents in life have their origin in events belonging to the active world, which she has no means of knowing. All around her people move and act from impulses and causes which she only very vaguely, if at all, apprehends, and which

never enter her real world of secret thought. In consequence, she acquires a habit of accepting the obvious incidents of life as what they are, without concerning herself with the reasons for them, or much thinking if there are any reasons. As soon as this state of mind is made the point of view from which a narrative is imagined to be told us, we have inevitably one of the principal elements of a melodrama. We have recounted to us events—probably rather striking events, for no one likes telling a story “about nothing”—of which no rational account is given to us, or, from knowledge appropriate to the imagined narratress, can be given to us. The same result, to an extent even greater, is true of characters. For example, nothing can be more melodramatic than the delineation of Lord Carstairs in *Lost and Won*. He is a very bad but very picturesque young nobleman. He treats Hildred in what may possibly be an attractive sort of way, but it is not a sort of way which enables us to understand his character. He is intended to be a person of much ability, much cultivation, and much daring, but utterly unscrupulous in his relations with women, and much disposed, if they will permit it, to amuse himself at their expense. No one can deny that such a character is possible, or that, in the hands of a master of literary delineation, it might be made a telling subject for the exercise of his art. But it is equally certain that such a character is beyond the mental experience of a common lady. She can have no idea of the early life by which such a man is formed into what he is, or of the more mature life which he leads when he has been so formed. Both conceptions are beyond her sphere. We do not say that a woman of genius may not emancipate herself from these limits; the task is difficult, but we quite believe that it may be possible for an intuitive imagination to divine all that is essential in such a character. But no similar divination must be attributed to an ordinary young heroine. She is not intended to be a woman of genius. Her mind is timid, and its range is narrow. No acquaintance with the real existence of a bad young nobleman can be acquired by such a person except under very peculiar circumstances, or at her own cost. To attribute such knowledge to a gentle young lady who has never had any experience would be monstrous. The authoress of *Lost and Won* has escaped this error. She has not made Lord Carstairs a real character. We have only a sketch of certain obvious traits and picturesque features of his, which a young lady could not help noticing. But, in consequence, the novel as a delineation of life is inevitably very imperfect. We are shown, as moving among the real people of the book, a kind of wicked lay figure that destroys their happiness and ruins their fortunes. The same defect must attend every attempt to describe the striking characters and startling incidents of real life from a point of view at which the real nature of the former, and the producing causes of the latter, are altogether invisible.

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F. MANNING NEEDHAM, Honorary Secretary.

15th April, 1859.

LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—This SCHOOL will be REMOVED in JUNE NEXT to a large and handsome building, on a remarkably healthy site, adjoining Woodhouse Moor, and surrounded by above six acres of play-ground. The Head Master (the Rev. A. BARRY, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge) will then be enabled to receive Boarders into his house adjoining the school. Terms 60 Guineas per Annum, including all expenses except the School Fees, which for foundationers are Six Guineas, for non-foundationers Sixteen Guineas per annum. The School re-opens early in August next. Immediate application is requested to the Rev. A. BARRY, Grammar School, Leeds.

OPEN COMPETITION FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, JULY, 1859.—Persons desirous of having their names entered for this Competition are reminded that satisfactory certificates of age, health, and character, must be transmitted to the Civil Service Commissioners, on or before the 1st of May next.—Copies of the regulations can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Dean's-yard, S.W.

MISSIONS IN INDIA AND THE EAST.—SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.—The Clergy are respectfully requested to bring the Society's Special Fund for the extension of Missions in India, China, and Japan, under the notice of their Congregations on the day of General Thanksgiving. Papers will be immediately sent to every Incumbent, and may be had by any other person willing to assist the Society's Missionary designs, on application to the Secretary of the Society, 79, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

April 13th, 1859.

ERNEST HAWKINS.

NEAPOLITAN EXILE FUND.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

The EARL of SHAFTESBURY, Chairman.

CITY COMMITTEE.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, President.

The heavy expenses attendant on providing, in the most moderate manner, for a large body of Exiles, who are almost all in a condition entirely destitute, induce the Committee to intreat those persons who sympathize with their sufferings and desire to assist them, to exert themselves to COLLECT SUBSCRIPTIONS without delay. A Fifth List of Subscriptions will be published on Wednesday, the 20th inst. Contributions received by Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1, Pall-Mall East; at the Office, 118, Pall-Mall, S.W.; and by all the London Bankers.

No. 118, Pall-Mall, S.W., April 14th.

A. KINNAIRD, Treasurer.

A. PANIZZI, Hon. Sec.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—Further HELP is sought to MAINTAIN this Hospital, which is NOW FULL, in entire efficiency. Bankers—Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, and Co., 20, Birch-lane.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, ISLINGTON.

ESTABLISHED 1802.—TWO HUNDRED BEDS.

President—The Right Hon. LORD MONTEAGLE.

Cases of Fever of every kind, and in all stages of malignity, occurring in the Families of the Poor, or among the Domestic of the Affluent, are received into the Hospital at all hours.

FUNDS are PRESSINGLY NEEDED. Money may be paid to the Treasurers, Messrs. Hoare and Co., Fleet-street; or to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

HYDROPATHY.—MOOR PARK, Farnham, near Aldershot Camp, Surrey. Physician, EDWARD W. LANE, M.A., M.D., Edin., Author of "Hydrophaty; or, the Natural System of Medical Treatment." John Churchill, 1857.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections, which greatly facilitate the study of these interesting branches of Science, can be had at 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, to 100 Guineas each, of J. TENNANT, Mineralogist to Her Majesty, 149, Strand, London. Also, Geological Maps, Hammer, Books, &c. Mr. TENNANT gives Private Instruction in Mineralogy and Geology.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS ENGRAVED AND PRINTED, by first-class workmen, at LIMBIRD'S, 344, STRAND, opposite Waterloo-bridge. Wedding Stationery, Heraldic Engraving, Die-sinking, and Plates for Marking Linen, Hooks, &c.—LIMBIRD'S, 344, Strand, W.C.

HANDSOME BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL and SON'S Show-rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for Home Use and for Tropical Climates; handsome Iron Bedsteads, with Brass Mountings and elegantly japanned; plain Iron Bedsteads for Servants, every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in Mahogany, Birch, Walnut Tree Woods, Polish, Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furniture complete, as well as every description of Bedroom Furniture.

HEAL and SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 150 different Articles of BED-ROOM FURNITURE, sent free by post.—HEAL and SON, Bedstead, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 106, Tottenham Court-road, W.

BANK OF DEPOSIT.—ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.—CAPITAL STOCK, £100,000.

Parties desirous of investing money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with ample security. Deposits made by Special Agreement, may be withdrawn without notice. The interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

LONDON CHARTERED BANK OF AUSTRALIA. INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

Paid-up Capital, £700,000.

Chairman—DUNCAN DUNBAR, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman—WILLIAM FANE DE SALIS, Esq.

OFFICES, 17, CANNON-STREET, E.C.

Letters of Credit and Bills of Exchange are granted on the Branches of this Bank at Sydney, Melbourne, Geelong, Maryborough, Ararat, and Ballarat. Drafts on the Australian Colonies negotiated and sent for collection.

By Order of the Court,

G. M. BELL, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE WILLIAM COTTAM, Esq., Chairman.

FREDERICK PATTISON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Thomas G. Barclay, Esq.

James C. C. Bell, Esq.

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SECURITY.—The Assured are protected by a Guarantee Fund of upwards of a Million and a Half Sterling from the liabilities attaching to mutual insurance. PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or Eighty per Cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The Assured are entitled to participate after payment of One Premium.

CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in Payment of Claims and Additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for Insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

CAST IRON VASES, for TERRACES, FLOWER GARDENS, &c.—The pleasing relief which tasteful and well executed Vases properly disposed impart to pleasure grounds is universally acknowledged. Among the most beautiful forms may be mentioned the Medici and Warwick Vases. The most perfect copies of these and other Vases are now produced in the most durable and permanent form; and as specimens of Iron Casting are unequalled for the sharpness, delicacy, and perfect beauty of outline which they display, the figures standing out in bold and vigorous relief, and conveying the very spirit of the famed originals.

MEDICI VASE.

15½ inches diameter, 19 inches high, with Figures £2 7 6

23 do. do. 30 do. do. 4 4 0

THE TAZZA.

15½ inches diameter, 9 inches high £1 5 0

30 do. do. 18 do. 2 10 0

Drawings, with prices, of a variety of Vases, Pedestals, and Fountains, forwarded on application.

All these Vases and Fountains are warranted to give satisfaction, and if not approved will be exchanged, or may be returned unconditionally.

J. B. BROWN and CO., 18, Cannon-street, City, London, E.C.

ST. EMILION CLARET, quite devoid of any tendency to acidity, 28s. per Dozen. EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE, Sparkling and Dry, 40s. per Dozen.

THE CADIZ WINE COMPANY, 66, St. James's-street.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE in the finest condition, is now being delivered by HARRINGTON PARKER and CO.

This celebrated Ale, recommended by Baron Liebig and all the Faculty, is supplied in bottles, and in casks of 19 gallons and upwards, by HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 64, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

CADIZ.—A PURE PALE SHERRY, of the Amontillado character, 38s. per dozen, Cash. We receive a regular and direct shipment of this fine Wine.

HENRY BRETT and Co., Importers, Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn, E.C.

PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—PALE or BROWN EAU-DE-VIE, of exquisite flavour and great purity—identical, indeed, in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price—35s. per dozen, French bottles and case included, or 16s. per gallon.

HENRY BRETT and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA, of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient whatever. Imperial gallon, 13s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, bottles and case included. Price Currents (free) by post.

HENRY BRETT and Co., Old Farnival's Distillery, Holborn.

WINES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c. 20s. PER DOZEN, BOTTLES INCLUDED. A Pint Sample of each for 24 stamps. Wine in Cask forwarded free to any railway station in England. EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen.

TERMS, CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price-lists, with Dr. Hassall's analysis, forwarded on application.

JAMES L. DENMAN, 65, Fenchurch-street (corner of Railway-place), London.

"THIS IS SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING OF THE KIND KNOWN."—Lancet.

PATENT CORN FLOUR.—BROWN AND POLSON'S.—The most wholesome part of Indian Corn, a light Diet for daily use, and especially suited to the delicacy of Children and Invalids. Packets, 16oz., 8d.

HENRY AND DEMARSON, 206, REGENT-STREET.

JOUVIN'S GLOVES—FIRST QUALITY.

Ladies' 3s. 3d. (Gentlemen's 3s. 6d.)

Double Distilled Lavender Water 2s.—Case of half dozen 10s. 6d.

Bully's Toilet Vinegar 2s. 10s. 6d.

Eau de Cologne 2s. 10s. 6d.

Half dozen of the best assorted Perfumes, in box 5s. 0d.

Henry and Demarson's Finest Fancy Soap (box containing half-a-dozen) 5s. 0d.

Fans, Cravats, and Fancy Goods.

NO CHARGE MADE FOR STAMPING PAPER AND ENVELOPES WITH ARMS, CREST, OR INITIALS.—RODRIGUES' Superior Cream-laid Adhesive Envelopes, 4d. per 100; Cream-laid Note, full size, 5 quires for 6d.; Thick Ditto, 5 quires for 1s.; Superfine Foolscap, 9s. per ream; Sermon Paper, 4s. 6d. per ream; Black-bordered Note, 6s. per ream; Black-bordered Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Card-plate elegantly engraved, and 100 Cards printed for 4s. 6d. WEDDING CARDS, Enamelled Envelopes stamped in Silver; "At Homes," and Breakfast Invitations, in the latest fashion.—Observe—at HENRY RODRIGUES' 43, Piccadilly, two doors from Sackville-street.

THE NORTHFLEET DOCKS AND LONDON QUAYS COMPANY, LIMITED.

OFFICES—10, CANNON-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Capital £1,500,000, in 75,000 Shares of £20 each.

With power to the Directors at any time to increase the Capital to £2,000,000, according to the requirements of the Company, by the issue of 25,000 Shares of £20 each, which will be offered in the first instance to the then existing Shareholders.

Deposit £2 10s. per Share, £1 of which is to be paid on application.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—The Right Hon. J. STUART WORTLEY, M.P.
Deputy-Chairman—JAMES NUGENT DANIELL, Esq. (Chairman of the Blackwall, and Tilbury and Southend Railways).

Sir James D. Elphinstone, Bart., M.P., Portsmouth.
William H. Furlong, Esq. (Messrs. Micallef, Reay, and Co.), 75, Mark-lane, City.
Lord Alfred Hervey, M.P., 6, St. James's-square.
Patrick Douglas Hadow, Esq. (Director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company).

Rear-Admiral Sir George E. Lambert, K.C.B., Norbiton-place, Kingston, Surrey.
John Dawson Lowden, Esq., Leinster-gardens, Hyde-park.
Lieutenant-Colonel Neville, 5, John-street, Berkeley-square.
Robert Pulsford, Esq., 55, Upper Belgrave-street, Belgrave-square.
George Edgar Rankin, Esq. (Messrs. John Rankin and Co.), 11, St. Helen's-place.
Henry Tootal, Esq. (Chairman of the North and South-Western Railway Junction, and Deputy-Chairman of the Shropshire Union Railway and Canal Company).
Francis Wright, Esq., Batterley Iron Works, and Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire.

(With power to add to their number.)

Joseph Barber, Esq., Brewer's Quay, Lower Thames-street, will join the Board after the formal transfer of his property to the Company.

CONSULTING ENGINEER—John Hawshaw, Esq., 33, Great George-street, Westminster.

ENGINEERS—Sir Charles Fox, 8, New-street, Spring-gardens.

BANKERS—Messrs. Currie and Co., 29, Cornhill; and

The London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury.

SOLICITORS—Messrs. W. Murray, Son, and Hutchins, 11, Birch-lane.

BROKERS—Messrs. Hill, Fawcett, and Hill, 29, Threadneedle-street.

SECRETARY—James Le Geyt Daniell, Esq.

* * The Directors invite Public attention to the following selection from numerous observations of the Metropolitan Press,—confirmatory of the highly-important character of the present undertaking.

THE TIMES.—March 13th.

"The Northfleet Docks and London Quays Company have issued their prospectus, the proposed capital being £1,500,000 in £20 Shares. One feature of the Scheme is, that it will comprise the formation of extensive Dry Docks, the want of which has long been felt. The entire area of the works will be 165 acres, with a river wall of three quarters of a mile, and railway and telegraphic communication will be secured by the North Kent Line, to which a short branch is to be constructed, while on the opposite side of the Thames there is the London, Tilbury, and Southend Line. It is proposed to incorporate within the docks certain water-side warehouses in London, known as Brewer's, Chester's and Galley Quays in Lower Thames-street, as well as those of Barber and Co., abutting on the Blackwall Railway. With regard to the economical completion of the undertaking, the promoters lay great stress upon the facilities afforded by the chalk formation of the locality."

SHIPPING GAZETTE.—March 12th

"Amongst the most promising enterprises of the present season, is one for providing the Port of London with increased Dry and Wet Dock Accommodation. It seems hardly credible that, while Liverpool has no less than eighteen dry docks, capable of receiving ships of any tonnage, there are no Dry Docks in the Thames belonging to any of the existing Companies. Every one acquainted with the Navigation of the Port of London must wish for the success of an enterprise which promises to supply a want that has long been felt by the fleets of shipping resorting to the Thames, and which we are only surprised has not long since attracted the notice of our Merchants and Capitalists."

DAILY NEWS.—March 14th.

"London, though possessed of a larger trade than all the other Ports of the United Kingdom put together, is worse supplied with Dock accommodation than Liverpool, Southampton, and many other Ports which have not one tithe of the shipping entering them. The result of this is, that a very large proportion of the vessels coming to London discharge their cargoes into lighters in the River, and never go into dock at all. Taking these circumstances into consideration, the Northfleet Docks Company has been formed for the purpose of constructing Docks more commodious in extent, and convenient in situation, than any at present existing on the Thames."

MITCHELL'S MARITIME REGISTER.—March 12th.

"A Company, with limited liability, has been formed to carry out new Docks at Northfleet. The names upon the Directorate are of the highest respectability. The site selected for the proposed undertaking is distant just twenty miles from London, having the advantage of a chalk formation, with sufficient depth of water, and every facility for the realization of the Company's design."

COMMERCIAL DAILY LIST.—March 15th.

"There is a remarkable and severely felt deficiency in Dry Dock, Quay, and Warehouse accommodation in the Port of London, and, as a natural consequence, the demand is considerably beyond the supply. It is to remedy this want that the establishment of the Northfleet Docks and London Quays Company is contemplated, and certainly, from the large extent of ground in their possession—the varied nature and completeness of their resources and arrangements—the central position proposed—the extreme paucity of both Wet and Dry Dock accommodation—and the inestimable general advantages that would inevitably accrue to our commercial interests, form irresistible and conclusive arguments for general adoption and universal support of the undertaking."

Applications for Shares to be made to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company; to the Brokers, Messrs. Hill, Fawcett, and Hill, 29, Threadneedle-street, London; also to John B. Neilson, Esq., Liverpool; William Mewburn, Esq., Manchester; Nathaniel Lea, Esq., Birmingham; Thomas Parkinson, Esq., and Harry Hughlings, Esq., Halifax; Messrs. McEwan and Auld, Glasgow; William Bell, Esq., Edinburgh; John Dubedat, Esq., Dublin, from all of whom detailed Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING? KEEP UP YOUR CHANNEL FLEET, AND BUY YOUR TEAS OF THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, where Sound Tea (Black, Green, or Mixed) can be bought in 6 lb. bags at 2s. per lb., and Coffee in the Berry at 10d.

Warehouses, 9, Great St. Helen's Churchyard, Bishopsgate.

GREEN FLY on Roses and Greenhouse Plants SAFELY GOT RID OF by syringing with PATENT GISHURST COMPOUND, 2oz. to the gallon of water.

Extract from *Leading Article in Gardener's Chronicle*, 9th April, 1859.—"That it really kills red spider, aphides, mealy bug, thrips, and scale, it is impossible to doubt in the face of reports of practical men, among whom we may mention Mr. D. Judd, of Althorp-gardens." Then follows a caution against the use of a too strong solution.

The Gishurst Compound is sold in boxes at 1s. 6d. and 6s. each, with directions for use, and printed opinions of Mr. Bucken's gardener, Lady Dorothy Nevill's gardener, Sir William Hooker, Mr. Rivers, and other eminent authorities. For Nurserymen, the large size is recommended; but where the consumption is not large, the Compound keeps its strength best in the small.

A large number of Seed Merchants, Nurserymen, &c., both in the Country and in London (for List, see Advertisement in "Gardener's Chronicle" and other Gardening Papers), have taken in their supplies, and are now prepared to sell single boxes.

Nurserymen and Seedmen supplied by PAIRCE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited), Belmont, Vauxhall, London.

WHITEFRIARS GLASS-WORKS, LONDON, E.C.,

Between Bridge-street and the Temple.

JAMES POWELL and SONS, Manufacturers.

The Works comprise the following departments:—

TABLE GLASS. Decanters and other glass ware, wholesale and retail;

the staple of the Manufactory above 150 years.

CHEMICAL GLASS, English and Foreign Porcelain.

ARTIST'S GLASS. The old colours revived.

WINDOW GLASS of all sorts.

CHURCH WINDOW DEPARTMENT.

POWELL'S QUARRIES and GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS.

RICH PAINTED WORK and other glazing.

CHURCH ORNAMENT and GLASS MOSAICS.

Specimens and works in hand on view.

ATTENDANCE BY APPOINTMENT TO TAKE INSTRUCTIONS.

MAPPIN'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE AND TABLE CUTLERY.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, Manufacturers by Special Appointment to the Queen, are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer in London. Their London Show Rooms, 67 and 68, KING WILLIAM-STREET, London Bridge, contain by far the largest STOCK of ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE and TABLE CUTLERY in the World, which is transmitted direct from their Manufactory, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Double Thread.	King's Pattern.	Lily Pattern.
12 Table Forks, best quality ...	£ 1 10 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons, do. ...	1 10 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks, do. ...	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	3 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons, do. ...	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	3 14 0
12 Tea Spoons, do. ...	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles, do. ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do. ...	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls) ...	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do. ...	0 1 8	0 2 8	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do. ...	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do. ...	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife, do. ...	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle, do. ...	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do. ...	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
Complete Service ...	£10 13 10	15 16 6	17 13 6	21 4 6

Any Article can be had separately at the same Prices.

One Set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20 inch, one 18 inch, and two 14 inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-Size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with prices attached, sent per post on receipt of 12 Stamps.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles ...	£ 2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
14 Doz. Full Size Cheese ditto ...	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers ...	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto ...	0 8 0	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers ...	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening ...	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Complete Service ...	£4 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

Messrs. MAPPIN'S Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades, being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London;

Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

PARIS CHOICE PERFUMERY.

ED. PINAUD'S PERFUMES, FANCY SOAPS, POMADES, Philocenes, Aromatic and Oriental Vinegar, Cosmetics, Elixirs, Dentifrice, &c. &c. &c., to be had of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the country.

Dépôt for Wholesale and Export, 27, Cannon-street West, London.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

Administered with the greatest success in cases of

CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL THE DISORDERS OF CHILDREN ARISING FROM DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.

Is the most efficacious, the most palatable, and, from its rapid curative effects, unquestionably the most economical of all kinds. Its immeasurable therapeutic superiority over every other variety is now universally acknowledged by the Faculty.

OPINION OF W. MURDOCH, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.

Medical Officer of Health, St. Mary, Rotherhithe, &c. &c.

"I entertain a high opinion of Dr. de Jongh's valuable Oil, the results in my practice being much more satisfactory since I have administered it than they were when I used the preparations of Pale Oil usually sold by the druggists. I never could get two samples of them alike, whereas Dr. de Jongh's Oil is always the same in taste, colour, and other properties. MY OWN OPINION IS, THAT IT IS THE BEST OIL SOLD."

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., capsuled, and labelled with DR. DE JONGH'S signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE IS GENUINE, IN THE COUNTRY by respectable Chemists.

IN LONDON BY HIS SOLE AGENTS,

ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, W.C.

CAUTION.—Intrusive recommendations of other kinds of Cod Liver Oil should be strenuously resisted, as they solely proceed from interested motives, and will infallibly result in disappointment.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM COUGHS IS SECURED BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—To Singers and Public Speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A Safe and Certain Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INFANTILE CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by the most delicate female or the youngest child.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes 1s. 1½d., and Tins 2s. 9d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, nearly tasteless, having been analysed, reported on, and recommended by Professors TAYLOR and THOMSON, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. PEREIRA, say, that "The finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour."—Half-Pints, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d.; and Five-Pint Bottles, 10s. 6d., Imperial Measure.—79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

DR. H. JAMES, the retired Physician, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow creatures, he will send post free, to those who wish it, the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, on their remitting him six postage stamps.—Address, O. P. BROWN, 14, Cecil-street, Strand.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ELECTION.— The LONDON COMMITTEE for promoting Mr. BERESFORD HOPE'S Election SITS DAILY at the TRAFALGAR HOTEL, Cockspur-street.

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Ainslie, Rev. George, M.A., Emmanuel College, Secretary of Church Building Society.
Alderson, James, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Pembroke College, 17, Berkeley-square.
Aldis, C. J. B., Esq., M.D., Trinity College, 1, Chester-terrace.
Atkinson, Rev. M. A., M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Rectory, Fakenham, Norfolk.
Bailey, Rev. H., B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.
Bevan, J. J., Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Bury St. Edmund's.
Blakesley, Rev. J. W., B.D., late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Coll., Vicar of Ware, Herts.
Bromhead, Rev. W. C., M.A., Chaplain of Trinity College, Curate of Windsor.
Brookfield, Rev. W. H., M.A., Trinity College, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, Thistle Grove, Brompton.
Brooks, W. Cunliffe, Esq., M.A., St. John's, Manchester.
Bruce, Lord Ernest, M.P., M.A., Trinity College.
Burghley, Lord, M.P., M.A., St. John's College.
Butler, Rev. W. J., M.A., Trinity College, Banbury.
Buxton, Charles, Esq., M.P., M.A., Trinity College.
Cabell, W. L., Esq., M.A., St. John's College, Lincoln's-inn.
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